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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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A MERE CHILD ARRESTED FOR HORSE STEALING

Herbert Smith in Jail Awaiting Trial on That Charge.

HE IS ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Took a Horse and Buggy at Crosby Yesterday and Drove Toward Port Allegany—Boy Protests His Innocence.

Herbert Smith, eight years of age and small for his age, is now in jail awaiting trial on the charge of stealing a horse and buggy belonging to E. W. Jones which Thomas Jones, a traveling man, had allowed him to hold in front of a store at Crosby yesterday morning.

Yesterday morning the boy came from Bradford where he had been with his father, Henry Smith, a well known character in horse circles in this vicinity, enroute to see his mother at Crosby. He dropped into Jones' Livery and asked Jones, the traveling man, for a ride home which was granted. When they got to the store Mr. Jones got out and the boy volunteered to hold the horse until he came out.

Shortly after the man entered the store the Smith boy started off on the road up Christian Hollow. Some two or three miles up the road he met Elton Holden of Port Allegany and is alleged to have tried to sell the rig to him for $150. No deal was made and both drove on their respective ways. When Mr. Holden reached Crosby he found Mr. Jones making diligent inquiry as to the whereabouts of his rig and he told his story. A telephone message was at once sent to Flint Rifle who lives several miles further on this road to Port Allegany, to watch for the rig and intercept it if possible. Rifle saw young Smith coming and went out and took the horse by the bits. He had no sooner done this than the boy jumped from the rig and took for the woods, saying that he would prosecute Rifle for holding him up.

Word was then sent to Crosby of the capture of the rig and to Constable George Shepard to come that way and be on the lookout for the juvenile horse thief. Somewhere on the Skinner Creek road Shepard saw the boy, who saw him about the same time and tried to make his escape into the woods. A lively chase ensued, the boy gaining ground, when the Constable pulled his revolver and fired in the air. This frightened young Smith and he surrendered.

He was taken into custody by Constable Shepard and brought to Smethport where he was given a hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason, who after hearing the testimony, which was substantially the same as the above, bound him over to the next term of court. In default of which the child horse thief was lodged in jail.

The boy, who is a bright little fellow, tells a very different story. He says that while holding the horse he decided to take a short ride and when the horse got started he could not stop him and therefore could not return. He says he had no thought of stealing the rig or doing anything wrong. When Rifle came out and caught the horse by the bits he was frightened and took to his heels for safety.

Liveryman E. W. Jones informed the writer this morning that he had no desire to prosecute the boy on a charge of horse stealing, but had taken these steps in order that the authorities might take charge of the boy and have him placed in some suitable home for friendless children. He says that neither the father nor mother show any disposition to properly care for their child and that he is practically an outcast. He further stated that Herbert Smith had been suspected of several petty thefts about Crosby and that those who know the circumstances think that he should be cared for at some home where he can get proper training.

Boy Disappears.

Willie Thelin, 12 years old, a son of Gust Thelin, who conducts a grocery store at 1981 Pennsylvania avenue, east (Gladerun,) and who lives at 28 Mead avenue, same suburb, has been missing from home since 9:30 o'clock Saturday night, he last being seen on the Gladerun bridge. The boy is about 4 feet, 7 inches in height, fair complexion and light hair, and wears glasses. He was fairly well dressed, and wore a thin cap. His parents, who are nearly distracted over his disappearance, are unable to account for his absence, as he has never been in the habit of going away from home without permission. Anyone seeing such a boy as described above will confer a favor on the parents by notifying them or the Chief of Police, Warren, Pa.—Warren Mirror.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.—Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk, Gleason.

SUPT. BAYLE RE-ELECTED.

His Salary is Raised From $1,800 to $2,500 Per Year.

Last Tuesday superintendents of schools were elected in every county and city and many boroughs and townships of this state for the ensuing three years commencing on the first Monday of June next.

While the present superintendent of McKean county, Burdette S. Bayle, had no opposition in his candidacy for re-election, a large number of directors from all parts of the county left their work and journeyed to Smethport to register their approval of his work by voting for him.

Supt. Bayle called the convention to order at 1:30 and Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa was elected permanent chairman. Mr. Kane took the chair and during the course of the meeting proved himself a very able presiding officer. W. F. Specht of Smethport and J. E. Henretta of Kane were chosen secretaries. A roll call showed 53 directors present as follows:

Annin—F. A. Rockwell, John Masterson, Joseph Finn, W. M. Leet.

Bradford Twp.—E. L. Brinton, S. W. Giles, M. A. Heppenger.

Corydon—W. T. Lynch, W. J. Butler.

Eldred Boro—J. B. Shea.

Eldred Twp.—J. B. Dennis, E. R. Lamphier.

Foster—E. H. Crooks, John Wooster, S. A. Shannon, J. D. Snyder, J. H. Gibson.

Hamilton—A. E. Westburg, L. J. Anderson, Daniel Fair.

Hamlin—E. K. Kane, William Swanson, W. E. Parsons, James Randall.

Kane—Fred Kline, J. E. Henretta, O. C. Jones.

Keating—D. M. Cooper, James Bray, W. E. Scott, H. D. Otto, C. C. Dekker.

Liberty—J. C. Goddling.

Mt. Jewett—C. A. Ross, C. E. McCoy, E. Colquist, John Nelson, J. Amsler.

Otto—M. Hungerville.

Port Allegany—W. H. Keeney.

Sergeant—S. J. McKendrick, W. J. McCarthy, J. C. Martin, E. L. Perry, J. F. Keating.

Smethport—D. C. Young, F. D. Gallup, W. F. Specht, J. B. Eastman.

Wetmore—Elmer Norlin, A. T. Larson, A. J. Williams.

The fixing of the amount of salary being next in order, the convention in a very few minutes and almost without a dissenting voice, voted for compensation and expenses of the next term the sum of $2,500 per year. While this is a considerable advance over the present salary it is not one dollar too high, since at least $700 is necessary to cover expense of doing the work as it should be done. At the same time it is a glowing tribute to Supt. Bayle, who in a service of only three years has so thoroughly demonstrated his ability as an organizer, director and educational leader; and our directors have certainly shown good judgment in thus placing him in a position to carry on to completion the many improvements he has inaugurated without being handicapped with a lack of funds for expenses and comfortable living.

The matter of salary settled, nominations were in order. J. E. Henretta of Kane and former superintendent of the Kane schools, in a short address replete with beautiful language and sound sense, in which he spoke in the highest praise of his ability and fitness for the peculiar work of a county superintendent, said he took no little pride in having the honor of placing before the convention the name of the present incumbent, Burdette S. Bayle.

This speech was greeted with hearty applause, and as soon as the roll could be called Mr. Bayle was declared unanimously elected. He very gracefully accepted the honor thus thrust upon him in a few well chosen words, thanking the directors for the unlimited confidence they had shown in him, pledging them his very best effort, and asking their co-operation for the still further advancement of the schools of McKean county.

After a resolution condemning contract-jumping teachers had been adopted the convention adjourned.

Frightful Sight.

Last Friday afternoon while a number of people were waiting in the Appolo station for their train a Hungarian, name unknown, walked into the station apparently much depressed.

After pacing back and forth a few minutes he drew a sharp knife and before any one could interfere slashed himself across the abdomen. Then apparently believing this would not finish him, he cut his throat, wielding the knife with such ferocious effect that his head was hanging on by little more than the proverbial shred. The man bled so profusely that the waiting room had to be closed up, tickets being sold through an outside window on the platform. The coroner was notified and took charge of the case. No reason is known for the suicide.—Punxsutawney Republican.

Pasture.

I have pasture at the dug-road. Very reasonable for all kinds of stock. C. H. Gleason.

A Burglary That Never Occurred.

About 1:40 Wednesday morning, the girl at central telephone and the occupants of the second floor of the bank building were aroused by an explosion that they "located" and described as the "blowing up of the safe in the Austin Post Office."

It is needless to say it, but probably calls and connections were made faster at central for the next 20 minutes than ever before in the history of telephone service in Austin.

Mrs. Potter "heard the burglars run from the building," and the girl at central "could hear them gathering up their plunder." Postmaster Baldwin was called from a good night's slumber, and advised of the terrible doings, and he in turn, hurriedly mustered all the brave men in his neighborhood, and advanced in double quick to the scene of the bold, bad burglary.

The advance squad of artillery, headed by the man who recently accomplished such a bold, desperate fight in the senatorial battle, circled the bank building cautiously, covering every object from a telephone pole to bill board with their shooting irons. Volunteers were called upon to enter the building and capture the burglars, but this job pretty generally fell to Postmaster Baldwin, and rather than show the white feather right in the heat of a political battle, he nervously opened the door at the side entrance of the postoffice, where, to his surprise, everything was found in perfect order, and nothing as big as a cockroach moving.

Somebody had made an awful mistake, and a false alarm had been given, but certainly there must have been a cause. A comparison of notes by the now brave men on the outside, substantiated the claim of the girl at central, that there had been an explosion, and nothing short of a powder mill or a glycerine factory could approach it. Accordingly Emporium was rung up, and sure enough, their regular semi-annual powder mill explosion had been pulled off on schedule time.

Austin people were pleased to know that burglars or night riders were not in our midst, and a telephone to Emporium Wednesday morning brought the good news that not a person was injured by the explosion, and very little damage done to village property.

It was the Emporium Powder Works that blew up. The explosion was caused by one of the buildings burning, but luckily only 1,700 pounds of powder was in the building, so the damage was slight.

Bachman Not Insane.

A dispatch from Easton, Pa., dated May 2, says: When Robert Bachman, child murderer and religious fanatic, is placed on trial next month for brutally slaying his five-year-old niece, May Irene Smith, the state will seek a verdict of murder in the first degree against him. This was admitted to-day by District Attorney McKeen, after an unofficial examination of Bachman by a noted New York alienist tended to disprove reports that the prisoner is insane.

It will be the first move on the part of the Northampton county authorities to forever rid this section of the wierd forms of worship which led to the killing of the child. The state will be unrelenting in the prosecution of Bachman and the case promises to be stubbornly fought from both sides.

Maintaining his usual defiant attitude toward officials, Bachman continued to justify his act as one inspired by the Divine teachings which he asserts can only come to him.

"Take me out and hang me now," he shouted to District Attorney McKeen, this morning. "You can destroy my flesh, but assail my spirit—never. I have no fear of your worldly laws or any punishment which you may seek to inflict. If God does not will it I shall not die."

Bachman seemed calmer throughout the day than at any time since his arrest and though he retains his former views his religious exhortations are not so loud. An alienist, who testified in a murder case here last week, spent an hour in the prisoner's cell talking with him and at the conclusion of his investigation declared that Bachman cannot be termed insane.

Rare Coins Found in Mansfield.

While Henry Gaylord, of Mansfield was digging in the ground south of the Normal School building one day recently he found four Egyptian coins. The coins are silver, about as large as the American half dollar, but thinner. One side is a representative of the Sphinx and the Pyramids and some hieroglyphics that will necessitate the services of an Egyptian scholar to unravel, while on the other side is an idol, an Egyptian maiden, two fishes, an urn and some more hieroglyphics. Although long buried the coins are in excellent state of preservation and doubtless there is an interesting story back of them.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

BONDS SOLD, BIDS ASKED FOR ON PAVING.

Bonds Sold to the Amount of $31,000 Sold Last Friday.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Got Them for $32,832.40—Bids for Paving Will be Opened May 25, at 8 p. m.—Width and Length of Pavement.

The bids for the purchase of Smethport borough bonds in the sum of $31,000 for the purpose of paving Main street were opened last Friday evening and all these bonds will be sold to the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company of this place. The bid of this concern was $32,832.40, or about four per cent. above par. There were other bids for small portions of the bonds a trifle higher but this bid of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company proved to be the best bid which would dispose of all the bonds.

The council held another meeting on Monday night to decide on the width and length of the proposed pavement. After considerable discussion it was practically decided that the pavement should be 34 feet wide through the business section and 22 feet wide through the residence section and that the paving should run from Long street to McCoy's Corners, providing the donations subscribed a year ago all stand, but in case they do not the length of the pavement will necessarily have to be shortened accordingly. The council has therefore asked for bids on paving from 15,000 to 18,000 square yards together with curbing, etc., which will be opened on Monday, May 25, at 8 p. m.

The advisability of paving the business portion of Main street narrower than from the natural curbs as the street now is, is a very grave question and one that should be carefully considered before the work is begun. If a 34-foot pavement is laid through this portion of the street it will necessitate the extending of the sidewalks out from three to four feet on each side which will not only narrow the street more than it should be but will make considerable extra expense to the property owners. However, if by making the pavement this width it will enable us to pave the whole distance, we think it would be advisable to put in such a pavement at the expense of the borough and make arrangements with the abutting property owners to pay for the necessary pavement to bring it to its proper width. There is one thing certain and that is if the 34-foot pavement is laid and the three or four feet left in mud between that and the natural curb as it now stands the people in general will get very little benefit from a paved street. Such a condition would leave a mudhole in front of every business place in town and the cost of keeping the pavement clear of mud would soon amount to more than the cost of paving these extra few feet.

In the residence section a 22-foot pavement would do nicely for the present. The distance between the curb and the gutter as it now stands could be graded and seeded as there would be no necessity for more than an occasional light rig getting off the pavement and no necessity for heavily loaded wagons leaving it. Of course it would be much nicer to have a full width pavement all the way but the council must be governed by the money in their hands and therefore this is out of the question at present.

One of the arguments in favor of the narrowed plan is the report that many of the donations will be withdrawn unless the full mile is paved and as the donations amount to nearly one-half the amount to be raised by bonding the borough it is an item to be considered. What truth there really is in this report the writer is unable to state for there are so many rumors afloat in relation to this question that it is not safe to believe any of them.

The MINER sincerely believes that it is a duty the council owes to the taxpayers and voters of this borough to first ascertain just how those who subscribed these donations feel about this matter before letting any contract for paving this street, and if the differences cannot be adjusted so that practically all these donations will stand, then the council should either go on and pave so much of the street as can be paved in a thoroughly satisfactory manner or give up the project for the present. For, if they let a contract for a narrow pavement with the expectation of getting the donations and paving the mile, and have to cut it down to one-half or two-thirds of a mile on account of not getting them, they will find that a large percentage of their constituents who favored paving at the polls will be kicking just about as hard as those who opposed the proposition.

We fully realize that the members of the council are dealing with a very delicate proposition under many unfavorable circumstances and we do not want to be understood as criticising their actions, for we only wish to warn them to use the utmost care and consideration before acting and under no circumstances to allow personal feeling or factional prejudices to swerve them from their duty to the people and for the welfare of Smethport.

Miss Steinhauer's Narrow Escape.

Miss Fannie Steinhauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Steinhauer of Farmers Valley narrowly escaped meeting a horrible death in a burning building at 388 Niagara street, Buffalo, last Thursday morning. Of her rescue the Buffalo Commercial says:

Mrs. Campbell, who runs the restaurant and Mrs. Haley and Miss Fannie Steinhauer, who works for Mrs. Campbell, were sleeping on the third floor when the fire broke out. Mrs. Haley and Miss Steinhauer were awakened by the smell of smoke and they tried to arouse Mrs. Campbell, but she was unconscious in her bed from inhaling the smoke. The two women then tried to get out of the building. Miss Steinhauer got on to the stairway leading down to the second floor and collapsed. There she was found by Pipeman Stroman, who with great difficulty made his way down to the first floor and out to the street.

Capt. Hesancon and Pipeman Brown found the other two women on the third floor, Mrs. Haley was groping about in the smoke when the firemen found her. While Pipeman Brown got Mrs. Haley to a window Capt. Hesancon found Mrs. Campbell and carried her to the same window. They called to the firemen on the ground below for help, and in a few seconds a ladder was run up to the window and each of the firemen carrying one of the women made their way to the ground.

Mrs. Campbell and Miss Steinhauer were unconscious but were quickly revived. They were cared for by neighbors. Mrs. Haley was only partly unconscious and after being in the fresh air a few moments was able to walk.

Papers Found Make Him Rich.

J. H. Bierley of Sabinsville recently found the deed and other papers which prove that he is the sole owner of some of the best pieces of real estate in the city of DuBois, one of which is the Commercial Hotel, and other adjoining properties valued at $350,000.

Mr. Bierley was a resident of DuBois about 20 years ago and was then considered well to do but the fire which destroyed the place ruined him. In this he lost about $300,000 and afterwards gave the property now in question as collateral security for about $35,000. Soon after this he moved to Austin where he was engaged in the pool, billiard and cigar business. When his wife died about sixteen years ago she did not inform him of the place where the papers were kept, and after considering his DuBois property gone for sixteen years he at last found the papers which he has placed in attorneys hands to recover his property. His claim is considered by the best authority to be all O. K. against the parties who have claimed it since gaining possession through some crook, and who have collected a rental of nearly $200,000 in the past 16 years.

Mr. Bierley is running a small country store in Sabinsville and has not been considered in good financial circumstances. He suffered a paralytic stroke several years ago and is a cripple for life. His friends are congratulating him upon his good fortune.—Roulette Recorder.

Borough Cleaning Day.

The borough cleaning day, Tuesday, May 5th, was ushered in by bright sunlight any fresh, crisp breezes. The barrel, the box and the basket filled with refuse were in evidence at nearly every home, and wagons and men with rakes and shovels soon began to move up and down our thoroughfares. Interest and sympathy in the movement grew as the work progressed and before nightfall a goodly portion of the town had been cleared of its rubbish. Of course, not in every instance was the co-operation of the occupant or owner of the property received. But this was the exception and not the rule. It was found necessary to continue the work the following day, as the scarcity of teams made the work slow.

The Travelers' Club desires to thank those who worked, who furnished teams and men, who contributed money; those who acceded to their request by gathering the rubbish around their homes for removal, and those who pushed by encouraging the project by hopeful words.

The borough cleaning day has come to stay.

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Automobiles—Big Bargains for Want of Money.

1 1907 2-Cylinder Reo, 1 2-Cylinder 1907 Maxwell, 1 1906 2-Cylinder Rambler, touring cars, all fully equipped, at the biggest bargains in the world for the money, address P. O. Box 178, Avonmore, Pa.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. ALBERTA STURDEVANT.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

This community was shocked on Tuesday afternoon January 15, 1889, to learn that Joel Otto, of Farmers Valley, had been suddenly killed by a locomotive, near Larrabe, and on the same evening to learn that E. V. Chadwick of Larrabe, had died very suddenly of heart disease. Mr. Chadwick was a nephew of Otto's and it is supposed that the shock brought on because of the latter's tragic death was the principal cause of Chadwick's death. Mr. C. M. Harrington, of Ridgway, a son of Judge Clark Harrington, of Cameron county, was an eye-witness to the terrible accident which befell Otto, and from him we gathered the following facts: Mr. and Mrs. Otto had been to Olean during the day for the purpose of depositing quite a sum of pension money, recently received by him, in one of the banks of that place, and had returned on their way home as far as Larrabe, where they stopped off to call on some friends. While Mrs. Otto was at a friend's house Otto remained at Chadwick's hotel, and while there he determined to go to Eldred, three miles distant, and take the evening train there for home via Larrabe. Harrington says that Otto had been drinking some from a flask he had with him, but did not appear to be much under the influence of liquor. His avowed purpose, however, for visiting Eldred was to get his flask filled, as he could not get it filled in Larrabe. After some talk Harrington determined to go to Eldred with him and they started down the track together. They had proceeded about a mile when a gravel train appeared in view from towards Eldred. Harrington had halted for a moment and Otto had gone on and was quite a little distance ahead when Harrington observed that he was making no movement towards leaving the track, and the train was then only a few rods ahead of him and he called to him to leave the track. Otto replied that he would before the train reached him. Harrington was within twenty feet of him and on the track when he again called out, "for God's sake get off that track." The train was then not more than twenty feet from Otto, and he left the track and was stepping off the end of a tie when he seemed to slip on something like a rolling stone and fell towards the locomotive just as it was passing. His head came in contact with the bumpers and he was knocked to within a short distance of where Harrington stood, who was almost stupified at the sight he beheld. He immediately went to where Otto lay and found that he was lifeless. The train backed up and the corpse was placed on a car and taken to Larrabe. Then it was transferred to the Clermont branch train, and in the evening was brought to Farmers Valley. Joel Otto was born in Keating township in the year 1827, and has always resided in that township. He enlisted in Co. C, 211th Regiment Pa. Vol., and served about 1 year. Recently he received some $1,100 as back pension money. He was an industrious, hardworking man, and was respected by his neighbors. He leaves a wife and four children, two of them married daughters. His death was a great shock to his family. He was a brother of Jeremiah Chadwick's first wife, and an uncle of E. V. Chadwick, who died so soon after Otto was killed.

(Continued next week.)

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Hand Painted China.

On Monday Mrs. Lillian S. Backus will have an attractive line of hand painted china on exhibition at her home at No. 905 Main street. All are invited to call an inspect this line.

Wanted.

Young or middle-aged woman to assist in house work. Good wages, to right party. G. W. Johnson, Kushequa, Pa., Supt. Mt. J., K. & R. R. R. Co.

For Sale.

A first-class new milch cow, four years old, well bred and excellent milker. For particulars apply to Frank W. Backus, East Main Street.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Picture Postcard Romance.

By Frank H. Williams.

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I know it was wrong for me to read her postcards, but I sort of got in the habit of doing it when I was walking past those vacant lots to her home, so before I knew it I was right up to the hilt in a romance.

You see, it was this way. I caught on to the facts from what she told me occasionally. Oscar Reidel, her sweetheart, who was a civil engineer, got a job quite a distance away from her during the summer. Before he left Oscar and Alice—her full name was Alice G. Minor—had a quarrel. It wasn't a very bad quarrel, I guess, but anyhow she told him he mustn't write a word to her during the time he was away. Well, that made him rather spunky, and he said he'd do just as she said, but that he could send her picture postcards without writing a word to her, and he would send those.

Oscar was surely a "sender." At first the postcards came in fast and thick

SHE HELD OUT THE POSTCARD WHERE I COULD SEE.

from him, and I used to wonder why it was he sent so many of them and no letters. That was before I knew about their quarrel and what she had said. The girl was as happy as a lark while she was getting so many of them, because she knew the man still cared for her. I could see easily enough that she liked him all right.

Then one day she handed me a postcard and sort of winked at me.

"I guess he'll sit up when he gets that," she said.

I looked at it when I got out of sight of the house. It was addressed to Oscar all right, and on the back was one of those printed postcard telegrams. The printing said:

"Am very busy. There's a new man in town!"

I tell you what—I hated to take that card to the office! I knew how badly it would make that young fellow feel away off in the wilds where he was. But I had to take it just the same.

You know you get sort of interested in people when you call on them the way I do every day, and I was anxious to see how Oscar would take the card. His postcards kept coming to her all right—they were views of the place where he was working and that sort of souvenir cards—and then they stopped all of a sudden. I reasoned that he'd quit sending them the day he got her card.

The girl was waiting for me, her face all shining with smiles, the morning that none of the cards showed up in the mail for her.

"No cards for you today, Miss Alice," I said as she met me at the door.

The smiles all left her face at once, and she looked at me as though she couldn't believe it.

"No postcards at all?" she cried.

"Not one," I said. "Maybe the party that's been sending them to you is hurt."

At that she cried.

"Hurt! No; he can't be hurt!"

"I don't necessarily mean physically hurt," I replied. "There's other ways of being hurt than physically."

She looked at me rather strangely at this, then tossed her head, marched into the house and slammed the door after her.

There were no cards for her the next day, but I think she half expected there would be, for I caught a glimpse of her watching me behind the curtains in the parlor as I walked past. The second day there were no cards, and again I saw her at the window. From the little glimpse I caught I thought she had been crying. The third day there was a single card, and before I thought I turned it over and looked at it. Then I wished I hadn't. The card was a photograph of Oscar looking lovingly at some pretty girl who in turn was looking lovingly at him. The girl, I surmised, belonged in the city where he was working, so I was mistaken in thinking it was such a wild place.

In the first place, I had no business to look at another person's mail. In the second place, it got me all tangled up worse than ever in the affairs of that couple. After seeing the card I had the hardest kind of a time bracing myself up to deliver it to the girl.

When I rang the Minor doorbell the girl fairly pulled it off the hinges, she was so eager to get it open.

"Oh," she cried, "you've got some postcards for me!"

"I've got one, miss," I said healtatingly.

"Let me have it!" she cried and grabbed it from my hand.

She looked at it, and then I saw her white figure quiver. Then she straightened up, and without a word she went into the house and closed the door behind her.

I tell you I felt pretty bad about it. Not being married myself, I had got into feeling a sort of sense of ownership in that girl, and when she took it so to heart I felt that I ought to do something about it. I had no doubt that Oscar still cared for Miss Alice and had only hooked up with the other girl because he was mad at her postcard and thought that Miss Alice had given him the mitten. I was dead certain that Miss Alice still cared for him. I knew, though, that she was too proud now to do anything to settle up the quarrel. Consequently I saw it was up to me.

Finally I stepped into a drug store handy and bought a postcard telegram card myself. On the back of the card was printed:

"There's only one person in the world for me, and that's—you!"

I addressed this to Oscar in a hand writing that I know was almost identically the same as Miss Alice's. Then I mailed it.

The next few days passed mighty slow, I can tell you. I didn't know whether I had made matters better or worse, and I was mighty anxious about it. Poor Miss Alice seemed worn out each day when I passed her house. I kept hoping that I had made things all right with my card, and yet I was afraid.

And then one day in my route's mail I ran across a postcard for Miss Alice addressed in Oscar's hand and postmarked from the place where he was. That card would tell the tale!

My, how I wanted to look at that card! I don't believe I ever wanted to do anything so much as just to turn over that card and see what was on the back. Was it all right, or was it all wrong? In a moment I could see if I looked at her mail. But I reasoned it out that I had done enough wrong in doing it before. So I put the card in my bag without looking at the back of it and started out on my route.

I thought I never would get to the Minor house. My route never seemed so long before or since. Finally, however, I was on the block where the house was located. Slowly I worked my way up the street, and finally I rang the Minor doorbell.

"I have a postcard for you," I said.

A swift motion, half fear, half hope, dashed into her face.

"Oh, let me have it!" she cried.

I handed it to her. She turned her back to me as she looked at it so I couldn't tell from the way she looked whether it was good or bad news.

"He did as I told him," she said in a muffled voice, "to the very last. Even now he isn't writing a word."

I began to get nervous. She started to move inside the hall, and it looked as if I wasn't going to find out that day what the message was after all.

"I—I hope it isn't bad news, miss," I managed to stammer.

"Bad news!" she cried, wheeling around like a whirlwind. "Bad news! No, I should say not! The best of news—the very best of news! See here, you dear old postman!"

She held out the postcard where I could see. It was another postcard telegram. This was the message printed on it: "Expect me soon. Love you in the same old way!"

Four Courtship Sundays.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to matrimonial affairs, November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year are over and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not until Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

Having Money and Not Having It.

"Well," said the old philosopher, "I don't see much difference in havin' money an' in not havin' it. When people know you've got it they're red hot to git it from you, an' when they know you hain't got it they're red hot to fetch in all the bills they've got ag'in you an' try to git it anyhow. So, you see, it's a mortal worry a-comin' an' a-gwine. Havin' it or not havin' it, you're 'twixt the devil an' the deep sea six days out the week an' no rest on a Sunday. It ain't nuthin' but printed paper an' yaller an' white metal, an' yit the worl' almost stops turnin' round to look at it. It says it'll be a friend to you and then don't stay with you long enough to git acquainted good. It's as deceivin' as Satan hissef, though I must say that jest about this time I'd like to see the deception of it come my way. Sich is human natur', for which we ain't responsible."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Life, Fire and Accident
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In good, reliable companies.

WARNED BY DESERTS

What These Sandy Wastes Mean to Mother Earth.

A DEATH GRIP ON THE WORLD

They Indicate the Beginning of the End of Our Beautiful Planet, Which Is Doomed to Roll Through Space a Parched and Lifeless Orb.

Deserts already exist on the earth, and the nameless horror that attaches to the word in the thoughts of all who have had experience of them or are gifted with imagination to conceive is in truth greater than we commonly suppose, for the cosmic circumstance about them which is most terrible is not that deserts are, but that deserts have begun to be. Not as local evitable evils are they only to be pictured, but as the general inescapable death grip on our world, for it is the beginning of the end. What depauperates the forests to grass lands and thence to wastes must in turn attack the sea bottoms when they shall have parted with their seas.

Last of the fertile spots upon the planet because of the silts the streams have for ages washed down and of the remnant of moisture that would still drain into them, eventually they must share the fortune of their predecessors and the planet roll a parched orb through space. The picture is forbidding, but the fact seems one to which we are constructively pledged and into which we are in some sort already adventured.

Girdling the earth with what it takes but little personification to liken to the life extinguishing serpent's coils run two desert belts of country. The one follows, roughly speaking, the tropic of Cancer, extending northward from it, the other, the tropic of Capricorn. Arizona is in the northern band, as are the Sahara, Arabia and the deserts of central Asia.

Now, these desert belts are growing. In the great desert of northern Arizona the traveler, threading his way across a sagebrush and cacti plain shut in by abrupt sided shelves of land rising here and there some hundreds of feet higher, suddenly comes upon a petrified forest.

Trunks of trees in all stages of fracture strew the ground over a space some miles in extent. So perfect are their forms he is almost inclined to think the usual wasteful woodchopper has been by and left the scattered products of his art in illiterel confusion upon the scene of his exploit. Only their beautiful color conveys a sense of strangeness to the eye, and, kneeling down and touching them, he finds that they are—stone; chalcedony, not carbon! Form has outlived substance and kept the resemblance, while the particles of the original matter have all been spirited away. Yet so perfect is the presentment one can hardly believe the fact, and where one fallen giant spans a little canyon one almost thinks to hear the sound of water rushing down the creek.

But it is some millions of years and more since this catastrophe befell, and the torrent, uprooting it, left it prone, with limbs outstretched in futile grasp upon the other side. A conifer it was, cousin only to such as grow today, and flourished probably in the cretaceous era, for the land has not been under water here since the advent of tertiary times.

Nowhere near it except for the rare cottonwoods along the bank of the Little Colorado, grows anything today. The land which once supported these forests is incompetent to do so now. Yet nothing has changed there since except the decreasing water supply. During tertiary and quaternary time the rainfall has been growing less and less. Proof of this is offered by the great pine oasis that caps the plateau of which these petrified forests form a part and is kenneled by the San Francisco peaks. The height above sea level of the spot where the chalcedony trunks are strewn is about 4,500 feet. The lower present limit of the pine in its full development is 6,500 feet. Two thousand feet upward the verdure line has retreated since the former forests were. And this is no local alteration, for upon the other side of the plateau petrified remains of trees are similarly found.

The line of perpetual green has risen because in desert regions the moisture is found most plentiful nearest to the clouds from which it falls upon a parching earth. Streams, instead of gathering volume as they go, are largest near their source and grow less and less with each fresh mile of flow. The brooks descending from the Anti-Lebanon, in Syria, water the gardens of Damascus and, thence issuing upon the plain, lose themselves just beyond the threshold of its gates. So in the Arizona desert, though in a less degree, and those who live there know it but too well.—From Percival Lowell's "Mars and the Future of the Earth" in Century.

Breaking Wire.

Anybody who has tried to break a piece of wire without the aid of a pair of pinchers will probably agree that the operation is both a difficult and painful one. There is a method, however, by which it may be easily accomplished. By bending the wire into a loop and pulling both ends as tight as possible an injury will be caused to the wire, which on being straightened will immediately break. By this means wire up to No. 12 gauge may be successfully dealt with.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it's pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative and has expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DRIVEN OUT BY A GHOST.

French Diplomat Believes the "Red Palace" Is Haunted.

M. Constans, who has been for many years the ambassador of France at Constantinople, has asked for his recall.

It is no secret at the foreign office that M. Constans is being driven out of Turkey by a ghost. The Red palace, where he passes the summer, is haunted. Some time ago a certain Prince Ypsilanti hanged himself there. Since then the palace has been uninhabitable. The nights are filled with sinister noises, with bowling and wailing.

M. Constans, who is a large, old man of great weight, declares he has been shaken out of his bed by unseen hands. He adds that upon one occasion the bed was tilted up almost to a perpendicular. The ambassadress herself has not escaped. Once, it is asserted, she was thrown from the top to the bottom of the staircase.

Another time she was attacked in the gardens of the palace by something dark and goatish. It butted her over and caused serious injury. There was neither goat nor ram in the garden, and M. Constans considers the attack inexplicable.

At the embassy in Constantinople things are no better. Four of the attendants have died mysteriously in the last month or so—the dragoman, the butler, a porter named Rigo and also the man chosen to replace him, a Frenchman named Pierre.

The ambassador declares that he is not superstitious, but he has had enough of Turkey and especially of the kind of ghost they have in that part of the world.—New York American.

Rainbow Trout.

Among the trout of various species at the New York aquarium there are a dozen or more rainbow trout that were the first of their kind hatched out in the aquarium's model hatchery four years ago. The largest of these rainbows is now about sixteen inches in length and would weigh about two pounds.

The eggs from which these fishes were hatched came from the United States fish hatcheries at Wytheville, Va., and the eggs from which the parent fishes were there hatched came from the United States fish hatcheries on the McCloud river, in Shasta county, northern California, which is the native home of the rainbow trout, in the tributaries of the Sacramento.

"By the distribution of eggs it has within the last thirty years been transplanted into various eastern waters, so that it is now to be found on this as well as on the other side of the continent.—New York Sun.

Rents in City of Mexico.

"The prices that are asked for rental of houses in the City of Mexico are something appalling to Americans," said George T. Leading of St. Louis.

"I expected to remain there the better part of the year and thought I'd get a house and send for my family. With this idea I went forth in search of a domicile, but was staggered at the cost. For the commonest kind of a two story dwelling the agents wanted from $150 to $200 a month and from that up to $2,400 a month for those of more pretentious architecture. It is true that these figures are in Mexican money, which is just one-half the value of our own currency, but even with this allowance the rents are far in excess of those charged in the cities of the United States. In many other respects living in Mexico is very reasonable."—Baltimore American.

When March 4 Falls on Sunday.

James Monroe was the first president to have a term begin on Sunday. March 4, 1821, was Sunday, and therefore Mr. Monroe's second inauguration (he was first inaugurated in 1817) occurred on Monday, March 5.

The beginning of a presidential term did not again fall on a Sunday until 1849, when Zachary Taylor was inaugurated Monday, March 5.

The third occurrence of the phenomenon was at the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes on March 5, 1877, and the next occurrence will be in 1913.

It is said that March 4 was selected for inauguration day by Benjamin Franklin on the ground that this date would fall on Sunday a less number of times than any other for two centuries succeeding the establishment of the government.—Norfolk Landmark.

Not Impressed.

Dr. David Starr Jordan told a story on his last Brooklyn visit of John Muir leading a cultured Bostonian up the mountains that overlook the Yosemite valley. Muir said that he led the Bostonian along devious ways, so that the great, splendid valley would burst all on a sudden upon his astonished eyes.

Finally at a turn of the road the vast, multicolored panorama was spread out before them. The Bostonian's ejaculation was as sudden as Muir could desire, but it was this:—

"Well, now, how can we get across that confounded gap?"—New York Times.

The Sale of Opium in France.

According to the Echo de Paris, the government has under consideration a decree more strictly regulating the sale of opium than has hitherto been the case. The new decree will, it says, provide that henceforth only such apothecaries and druggists as receive special authorization may keep or sell opium. Furthermore, they must ascertain the object for which the drug is purchased and keep a register of that object as well as of the name and address of the buyer and the quantity sold.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remedies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

POSTAGE STAMP CHEATS.

Foolish Persons Who Run the Risk of Going to Prison.

"You would be surprised," said a postoffice clerk, "at the efforts people make to avoid the payment of postage. And quite often it is not the work of children either. The most common trick is to take the stamp that has been canceled by hand and the impression just touches the edge of the stamp. After pricking the marked edge with a pin or cutting it with a pair of shears to resemble the punctured edge of the stamp or tearing away that part the stamp is put on an envelope for another voyage. All these are placed in the hands of postal inspectors for investigation.

"Others try to give the impression that a stamp had been put on an envelope and become loose and lost in transit by sticking a stamp on the envelope and then pulling it with part of the envelope sticking to it off again. These as well as underpaid letters, unless they have a foreign destination, where postage is then collected, are marked 'Returned for postage' and sent back to the sender. Second class matter, as a roll of newspapers, is often sealed against inspection by having the stamps overlap the cover. Whether foreign or not it is returned for postage. When it again shows up, the mistake rectified, upon inspection it is usually found to contain written letters, photographs (unmounted), jewelry, merchandise of all kinds, making the package undersaid; hence it is again returned.

"But the limit of foolishness comes when a person tries to efface the indelible ink from the stamp and with half the features of the stamp missing or rubbed away and some of the ink still remaining affixes it to an envelope, with the address of the sender upon the back to facilitate investigation.

"This, though, is stretching it a little too much. A postcard that had been put through a canceling machine and delivered to the addressee had the canceling impression and the address scratched off with the aid of a sharp knife and a new address substituted and a written message pasted on the reverse side."—New York Sun.

AN OLD GORMANDIZER.

One Man Who Lived That He Might Simply Eat and Drink.

In a little yellowed English magazine dated April, 1811, I came across the following amusing scrap:

If the Duke of Q. does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:

"At 7 in the morning he regales in a warm bath, perfumed with sliced and powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterward retires to bed. He rises about 9 and breakfasts on cafe au lait, with new laid eggs just parboiled; at 11 he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques; at 1 he takes a veal cutlet a la Maintenon; at 3 jellies and eggs repeat; at 5 a cup of chocolate and rusques; at 7:30 he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes and makes suitable libations of claret and madeira; at 10 tea, coffee and muffins; at 12 sups off a roast poulet, with a plentiful solution of lime punch; at 1 in the morning he retires to bed in high spirits and sleeps till 8, when his own cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savory veal cutlet, which, with a potation of wine and water, prepares him for further repose that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his lateral bath.

"In this routine of living comforts are the four and twenty hours invariably divided, so that if his grace does not know, with Sir Toby Belch, that our life is composed of four elements he knows at least, with Sir Ague Cheek, 'that it consists in eating and drinking.'"—London Chronicle.

A Reason For Thanks.

The impecunious author's wife was trying on a new dress and endeavoring to observe the hang of it by means of a round mirror on top of a high chiffonier. Every woman will appreciate what that means.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed as she thought with some pathos, "I haven't seen the bottom of my skirt since I was married."

Her husband looked up, brute that he was, and remarked:

"Well, you can thank your lucky stars for that."—New York Press.

Had Left For Parts Unknown.

In a murder trial in Texas some years ago the counsel for the defense was examining a veniremen regarding his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so the counsel said:

"Where is that negro now?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "The sheriff hanged him at the appointed time."

No Idle Boast.

Bilkins—Smythe tries to make people believe that he belongs to the "upper crust." Wilkins—Well, I should think he did belong to the "upper crust." Bilkins—In what way does he show it? Wilkins—Always short and easily broke.—Brooklyn Life.

Imposing.

"The Swelltons seem to keep up an imposing establishment," remarked the canned goods drummer.

"You bet they do," replied the groceryman, with a sigh long drawn out, "and I'm one of the fellows they impose on."—Chicago News.

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Leading Druggist.
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Fresh, Salt or Smoked
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
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IN ALL BRANCHES, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
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Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody. Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the whole light of knowledge possible thrown upon the formulæ from which his medicines are compounded, and upon the [illegible] of their curative properties. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

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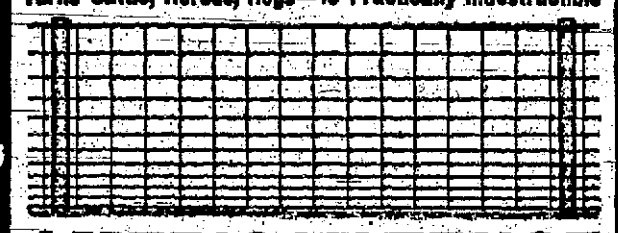

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 7, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Larson, Friday May 1st, a daughter.

—J. A. Dowling, who has been assistant editor and partner of the Review Evening News, has quit the business. W. C. Noll of the same place has taken the interest of Mr. Dowling.

—Arrangements have been made to take the gallows on which Browster the fratercide was hanged, from Coudersport to Emporium for the execution of O'Dell and the machine is now being taken down and loaded.

—William Bucher, aged 79, a prominent Bradford field oil operator, died at a hospital in Buffalo, Wednesday, where he had been receiving medical treatment. Mr. Bucher owned a large farm and many oil wells near Rock City. He was born in Switzerland and leaves a family of eleven children.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The five o'clock flyer north now stops at Larrabe under certain conditions. If there is a passenger on for Smethport from off the Coundersport & Port Allegany or one from Smethport who boarded the train east of Driftwood the train stops there on such passenger's request. A Shawmut train connects with the flyer at Larrrbe.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Stephen Talmadge, formerly of Liberty township, was killed in a very peculiar manner a week ago Saturday night at Bemis, W. Va., a new lumber town to which he had gone only a few weeks ago. He was passing through a dark room where several sharp axes were standing and in some way fell in such a manner that his throat was cut on one of the axes. The jugular vein was severed and he died in a short time. His remains were brought to Port Allegany for burial.

—While playing in Jacob Glover's barn at Liberty this week Emery Carpenter found fourteen dinamite caps. Ignorant of their nature he brought them home and was playing with them in the back yard. He wedged four of them in an old hatchet to keep on the handle and then drove in a tack beside them. As the tack came in contact with the caps there was a terrible explosion. The boy escaped with a few holes in his foot but the hatchet was blown to pieces. The boy is extremely lucky to have escaped as easily as he did.—Argus.

—Mrs Silas Cooper a well known and estimable old lady of Annin Creek, died at the home of her son Eugene Cooper, near Roulette, Wednesday, April 29th. She was eighty-six years of age last February and died from feebleness attendant on old age. Her husband, Silas Cooper, died about seven years ago at Annin Creek where he and his wife had lived for many years. She went to live with her son about five years ago. The funeral was held from the Baptist church at Annin Creek to-day and the interment is made in the Annin Creek cemetery.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A very pathetic sight was witnessed at the Pennsylvania depot yesterday afternoon. When mail was [illegible] there was a woman on board who was being taken to the asylum at North Warren, but the trainmen saw that she was in a dying condition and instructed the attendants to take her off. She was taken to the hospital where she lingered for a short time and died. Her name was Snyder and she was from Sinnamahoning. Her husband was communicated with and ordered the body sent back home for burial. A sad death indeed, yet in one sence what a blessing after all.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Supt. W. L. McGowan, who has been superintendent of the Warren schools for the past 18 years, will not be retained by the Board for another year. There was quite a spirited contest over the matter, but the nuties won out. While we know nothing of the controversy, we are of the opinion that unless very grave charges of incompetency could be brought out a mistake has been made. The longer a man like Mr. MacGowan is retained in a position of that character the more proficient he becomes and the better the schools are. It is hard to find men as capable as Mr. MacGowan has proved himself to be.—Kane Republican.

—Do trout shrink after being caught? is the question which may be decided by the Clearfield county courts. Justice Altmiller of that county was arrested by a fish warden and charged with having fish in his possession that measured an eighth of an inch less than the six inches at which trout can be lawfully caught. Altmiller paid a fine and costs of $65 under protest, and claims he will take the case into the higher courts. He says that when the fish were taken from the water they measured the required length, but that they subsequently shrank. The outcome will be looked forward to with no little interest by fishermen who crowd the limit when fishing and keep trout dangerously near the minimum size.—Kane Republican.

Grange News.

The NEWS will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

May 2.—Two names were balloted on and elected, the names of Charity Kent and Edith Nearing.

A motion was made and carried to pay the Lecturer's fare, twice a year, to to the Lecturer's conference and return. A bill to pay the corresponding secretary was drawn on the treasury.

On Saturday, May 23rd, there will be held memorial exercises, also supper and conferring of the 3rd and 4th degrees. It is expected that those intending to join will be present at one of the two previous meetings to take the 1st and 2nd degrees.

Last Thursday the Worthy Master and Worthy Steward and others visited Eldred grange, and report a good time.

General News.

Mr. Stull has decided not to move to Smethport this spring as he has purchased property at Portville and will move there this fall if he does not succeed in selling the same.

Phletis Spencer, formerly of this place but who has been working for the Pennsylvania railroad for some time past, stopped work about three weeks ago and left for Colorado last week, his family remaining in Olean. Earl Spencer is working in a silk mill in Olean.

The writer very much regrets the statement given last week concerning a Mr. Havens, as it was a hearsay and should not have been published as it was false, in that the goods received had been paid for, and as that is incorrect we cannot say how much of the truth there is in the whole statement, only that he has gone to York State.

FIDELITY GRANGE, SMETHPORT.

(Written by Allen H. Griffith.)

Notwithstanding the snow storm and bad roads of last Saturday night, Fidelity Grange had a very interesting meeting. Third and fourth degrees were conferred on one candidate and supper was served to fifty Patrons.

We were pleased to have with us as visitors Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kolb, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Granteer, W. A. Hulett, Atwood Putnam, and Misses Lydia Granteer and Gladys Dellass of Crosby Grange and Samuel Oliver of Cole Grange.

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after milk and butter, easily our most important and necessary [illegible] put the matter to a test easily. Just leave off the pie or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "edgey" again and how "unsatisfied" the meal will seem. You can't get any workingman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business. The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The Mayor of Berlin.

One of the principal requirements of a mayor in Germany is unqualified honesty, for in the municipal administration of Germany graft in any form would not be tolerated. To become the mayor of a city like Berlin the applicant must have established his reputation for efficiency in governing other German cities. His career is carefully scrutinized by the members of the town council who select him, for not only must he be competent and successfully perform the duties of his high position, but still so young as likely to remain competent for many years, for a mayor in Prussia is elected for a term of twelve years and if not re-elected after that period is entitled to a life pension of half the amount of his salary. After a service of six years his pension is one-fourth of his salary and after serving twenty years two-thirds. He need not necessarily be a resident of Berlin at the time of his appointment—in fact, the mayor is usually chosen from the residents of other cities.

Culture in West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemens!—I made my Step to the house of a certain amable friend of mine for invitation and wich our attention highly attracted by taken coloquy for a few minutes: I took a certain magazine in reading of Something. And I was pursing through pages over pages yours name was Substantially Commeroated to me that you are the best and known Merchants In every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself Somewhat inclinable to pen you to Send me your general Samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance to you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refuse as quick by as possible Expecting to heare from you again good news, * * *"—London Standard.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinenles. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Amenities of Oysters.

One of the most profound remarks ever made by that profound philosopher, Thackeray, was when he passed two tubs of oysters side by side, and he saw one was labeled "1s. 6d. a dozen" and the other "1s. 8d. a dozen." He exclaimed, "How those oysters must hate each other!"

Well, "even an oyster may be crossed in love," and William Dean Howells has another tale to tell about the psychology of the oyster. At one of the little suppers that the poet Longfellow gave to the brilliant Cambridge circle James Russell Lowell passed with the pepper box poised above his plate of oysters to say whimsically, "It's astonishing how these fellows love pepper."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" ejaculated a nice, proxy old gentleman who used to sleep through the suppers. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Lowell was fairly launched into an account of how a red pepper accidentally dropped into a basket of oysters had been drawn out with half a dozen of the bivalves clinging to it when the ever gentle Longfellow interposed to save his matter of fact old friend.

Grandma's Destination in Doubt.

Ethel is of the mature age of five. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not!" demanded grandma severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," replied grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in awhile, wouldn't I?"—Woman's Home Companion.

No Landlubber.

Young Jack Tubbs has only been in the navy for a few months, but there is not a more enthusiastic sea dog in the whole of his majesty's service. He recently made application for and received the usual leave and proceeded to London and his mother's house.

Mrs. Tubbs lives on the third floor of a house in Camberwell, and when he arrived at her address he stood in the doorway and bawled up the stairs:

"Mother, aloft there! Jacky's come home! Open the window!"

"Why, Jacky, my dear," cried the old lady, from the landing, "whatever's wrong with the stairs?"

"Stairs!" cried the weather worn tar, with ineffable contempt. "What do I know about stairs? Just you open the window and lower a rope to the main deck, and be quick about it!"—London Express.

A Possibility.

Old Nancy Doane was noted for the striking originality of some of her expressions. One day she was talking about the utter inanity of another old woman in the neighborhood, and she said:

"I never see her beat! She'll top down in a cheer, an' there she'll set an' set an' set, doin' absolutely nothin' for hours an' hours, day after day. 'Pon my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!"

Even Worse.

He—Darling, don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding? She—I can't help that. My dressmaker is ill, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them.

His Privilege.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—This paper says a normal man breathes 200,000 times in the course of one day. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes, my dear; that is his privilege while the women are talking.—Exchange.

Not a Lawyer.

"You are quite a legal gentleman, aren't you?" said a barrister to a witness at Westminster county court.

"No," replied the man; "I work for my living."—London Mail.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Precocity and Degeneracy.

Precocity is not always a thing to be desired. Indeed, it may, just as surely as a prematurely ripened fruit indicates decay and early death, mean an early degeneration and loss of mental faculties. By many biologists it is considered an expression of premature senility. As Lombroso has indicated, many of the men of genius were subjects of degeneracy. There is a period of antenatal growth known to scientists as the fœtile period, embracing the fourth and fifth months of prenatal existence. It has been found that a slight arrest of development at this period is characteristic of the class of beings known as degenerates, and precocity is recognized as one of the expressions of this development defect. Relief de la Bretonne, who composed at fourteen a poem on his first twelve loves, is a remarkable precocity. "A wit of five is a fool of twenty," is an adage founded upon the popular appreciation of this unpleasant truth.—W. A. Newman Dorland in Century.

Identified.

Although straws usually tell which way the wind blows, occasionally even the proverbial straw proves misleading.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an able bodied loafer picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post and picked up insensible.

The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said:

"You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came: "There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He's a Lady Maccabee."—Exchange.

Confucius as a Poet.

For those who want to know something of the poetic abilities of Confucius, the Orient Review publishes some translations from a collection given to the Chinese world 500 years B. C. One of these is called "The Bride Cometh:"

The turtledove dwells in the magpie's nest.
One cometh as a bride to be caressed,
A hundred carriages have gone in quest.

The magpie's home the young dove hath possessed.
This lady cometh as a lifelong guest.
A hundred chariots on the road have pressed.

The turtledove shall fill the magpie's nest.
She travels far from home to love and rest.
A hundred carriages her ranks attest.

One Service Barred.

A famous London barrister was upon one occasion called upon to defend a cook tried for murder, being accused of having poisoned his master. The barrister after a most able and brilliant defense of the culprit secured an acquittal. The cook, anxious to show his gratitude, said, "Tell me, sir, whatever can I do for you to reward you?" The triumphant counsel answered, "My good man, do anything you can, but for God's sake don't ever cook for me!"

Honest Graft.

"Jones made the best part of his money by grafting."

"Why, I thought he had such a high reputation for honesty."

"So he has. He must graft, though, for he keeps a fruit nursery."—Baltimore American.

Curiosity.

If you want to find out how busy men are, paint a red ring on your door. Every man who passes will stop to find out what it is for and then wait until the next man comes along that he may tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

Posted.

One good thing about marrying a widow is that she doesn't expect so much of you in the way of being good and talented and noble.—Somerville Journal.

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Rates charged for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Death, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday May 7, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning.

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. OHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY SURVEYORS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

The Roulette Recorder, which has been heretofore, an independent paper, will in the future be conducted as a full fledged Republican organ. Editor Corwin has taken the right step.

At Traverse City, Mich., on Sunday "Uncle Dan" Whipple, aged 101 years, died from hemmorhage of the brain. That day he seemed as well as usual and took a walk in the fields. Mr. Whipple was born in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., March 1, 1799. He was a member of General Fremont's exploring party on the historic trip across the Rockies. He was long a companion of Kit Carson and later served through the Civil War in an Ohio regiment. He never married, remaining true to the memory of a sweetheart who was tortured to death by Indians before his eyes when he was a young man in the West.

On the morning of the meeting of the Republican State Convention, the Philadelphia North American, under the caption of "Beware of Habgood," publishes an article containing veiled allusions intended to make it appear that Mr. Habgood has anything but an enviable record in the past. This paper carefully avoids making any charges against Mr. Habgood but asks the delegates to look up his record before voting for him as one of the Big Four Delegates to the National Convention. For two weeks previous to the sounding of this warning nearly every person in the State has known that Hon. R. P. Habgood was spoken of for this position, yet the North American waited until the last day of the convention to warn the people and advise them to look up his record. If the North American really knows anything against Mr. Habgood's record, which we doubt very much as this paper calls him Congressman Habgood, it was its duty to sound the warning or make charges as soon as he was spoken of for this position, and thereby give the people a chance to find out the facts. But that don't seem to be the way North American does things. It assumes to be deeply interested in the welfare of the Republican party. It pretends to worship at the shrine of Republicanism and to consider it the most holy of holies. In fact the North American seems to look upon Republicanism as so close to devine that mortal man is not fit to represent it. Not so with the Democratic, Prohibition or other parties. Anyone is good enough to represent these parties and fill the offices. Edwin S. Stuart was not good enough, according to the North American to fill the office of governor although to-day he is considered one of the ablest and squarest men in this Commonwealth. And so it has been for nearly a generation past: the North American has objected to a big majority of the Republican candidates and supported their opponents in other parties who were much less fitted to fill the offices to which they aspired. There might have been a time in the past when a warning from the North American would have been heeded but it has fooled the people so many times that at present it is not taken seriously in the Keystone State. Even the Democratic newspapers of this county ask to have the facts and the Mt. Jewett Herald says: "The fact is the North American's cry in this instance came so late that its coming at all raises the question of good faith on the part of this sometimes reform organ."

State Treasurer Sheatz Sworn In.

Hon. John O. Sheatz took the oath of office as State Treasurer of Pennsylvania succeeding William H. Berry, at 12:20 o'clock Monday afternoon. There was no ceremony, the oath of office being administered to Mr. Sheatz in the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth Robert McAfee by the secretary, about a dozen friends of Mr. Sheatz being present.

The whole ceremony took less than five minutes and then Mr. Sheatz went to the Treasury, where Mr. Berry turned over to him the State balance of over $18,000,000, the numerous bonds and papers and other details. This occupied fully two hours.

Mr. Gates was sworn in by Mr. Sheatz at the Treasury and late that afternoon the following new attaches took office: Joseph B. LeCompte, Bradford, expert ok keeper; C. R. McConkey, York, Thomas W. DeRonsse, Philadelphia, clerks; A. O. Steele, Altoona, assistant bond clerk; J. F. McCallion, Lewistown, stenographer.

The inauguration was witnessed by attaches of various departments and visitors R. P. Habgood, of the State League of Republican Clubs, of which Mr. Sheatz was a vice president, and several members, among them being R. W. Woods, Carlisle; R. K. Gedding, Kane; G. H. Hill, Warren; F. S. Caldwood, Bradford.

Port Allegany Man's Trouble.

To be hooked twice in one day is more than ordinary man ought to stand, says the Port Allegany Reporter. Howard Wilson some time ago opened a temperance cafe on Mill street and with his wife and daughter undertook to make a living. The inclination of Mrs. Wilson to win masculine hearts first led to trouble and some time ago she left the cafe, but she returned. One day this week, a big masculine again became too free with the woman to suit Wilson and he not only hung it onto the big boy but he started an all-round rough house. The woman again left and she is still hence. Then robbers swooped down on the afflicted domicile. It is said that the gang was led by one "Kid" Richardson of Smethport. Wilson's clothes were stolen while he was resting from the overexertion of cleaning out the cafe; they also took the daughter's watch, a suit case and several other things, besides helping themselves to a good meal. Richardson was taken and a suit case said to have contained much of the booble recovered, but thinking that a warrant was necessary to hold him, the captors loosened up on him and he vamoosed at the word seat. A warrant is now out for him and one for John and James Doe, will catch the others when they can be found. Wilson declares the country's against him when he's double crossed like that in one day.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 2, 1908:

J. Davidson, Paul Egger, Allen J. Hastings, Simon Hall, Howard Inmes, Harry Jack, C. G. Mosier, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Miss Vallie Smelker, Miss Stuart, S. J. Troax, Jake Zupp.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

Rings Little Liver Pills for billiousness and sick-headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

NEW GROCERY MANAGEMENT.

Having purchased the Grocery Business of A. E. Foster & Co., I am prepared to cater to all of the former customers, also to all new ones that are looking for the best of goods at the lowest prices.

Oscar Engstrom.

Olean's Big Department Store.

This week we will inaugurate the most wonderful Sale of tailor-made Suits ever known in this City. SUITS AT ONE-HALF PRICE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our New York buyer made a large purchase of Tailor-Made Suits, in all colors and all the new popular styles—100 Suits were alloted to us. Come early. This lot will be sold at ⅓ to ½ off, sizes 34 to 36.

1 lot Suits, sold regular at $18.00, until sold $12.00
1 lot 20 Suits, retail at $23.50, during Sale $17.95.
1 lot Handsome Suits, $35.00 grade, at $24.50.
1 lot Suits, $40.00 and $50.00 grade, at $32.50

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Remember We Sell Furniture at Dry Goods Prices. Small profits and quick sales is Our Motto. Special prices prevail All This Week in the Furniture Department. Let us supply your wants.

LACE CURTAIN SPECIAL.

100 pairs Nottingham Curtains, value $3.50 of Any Person's Money, sold This Week, choice $2.69.

18 pair of beautiful Draperies, value $4.00 a pair. You buy this week for $2.95.

EMBROIDERY SALE.

250 yards 22 inch Flouncings with wide insertions to match, value 50c per yard, at 35c.

400 yards 75c Beautiful Wide Embroidery Insertions to match, value 49c. 50c value 35c.

Furniture Department is very busy. The amount of goods delivered every day from this Department indicates that prices and designs are right.

BELL BROTHERS

Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$303,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 809 Union Phone 493

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours to-day?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

Go to Mrs. Spring's for your Millinery.

Everything of the Latest and up-to-date at the Lowest Prices.

Being connected with a leading New York store will receive goods every week.

Call and get convinced. Seeing is believing.

Next to Green's Grist Mill on Mill St.

New Spring Hats
Swell Clothing
New Neckwear
Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at
ANDORFER & LYLE'S
Grocery.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery,
Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread.
Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1908.

First and final account of L. M. Wynkoop, administrator of the estate of Harriet A. Wynkoop, deceased.

Third partial account of Joshua Davis and Tryphenia Moffitt, executors of the last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Joshua Davis and Tryphenia Moffitt, trustees of special fund under last Will and Testament of M. W. Moffitt, deceased.

First and partial account of Zillah Haffey, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Diantha P. Haffey, deceased.

First and final account of James George, administrator of the estate of James W. Dennis, deceased.

First and final accounts of Harlow Pike, guardian of May E. Moore, Ray Moore, Maurine Moore, Jeanette Moore, Maude Moore, and Clyde Moore, minor children of John W. Moore, deceased.

Fourth partial account of J. B. Steele and D. H. Jack, executors and trustees of the last Will and Testament of C. B. Whitehead, deceased.

First and final account of Rebecca R. Bennett, administratrix of the estate of Asenith S. Buchanan, deceased.

First and final account of Charles D. Scott, executor of the last Will and Testament of Nancy M. Tolles, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of E. C. Foster, executor of the last Will and Testament of Sylvia A. Madison, deceased.

First and final account of Margaret Cole, executrix of the last Will and Testament of J. J. Cole, deceased.

First and final account of Della Merrick, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Clinton V. Merrick, deceased.

First and final account of John Bird, guardian of Irwin H. Gregg, late minor of I. W. Gregg, deceased.

First account of John Anderson, administrator of the estate of Barbara J. Baker, deceased.

First and final account of David Howells, guardian of Nellie Peterson, late minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1908.

H. C. BEMIS
Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work
Planing Mill & Retail Lumber
Estimates furnished from plans and specifications
Inquiries and inspection solicited.
Both Phones
Hilton St. Bradford, Penna.

The Lindholm Co.

Wash Goods.

A special purchase of Crown Batiste allows us to offer you a 25c wash fabric, while they last at 12 1-2c.

On Sale Friday morning.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Munsville Plows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Planet Jr. Hand Drills
Shovel Plows & Cultivators

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF
BARBED WIRE & ELECTRIC WELD FENCING

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 7, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Port Allegany is to have a new gas company.

—See E. M. Brasted's ice cream and soda water ad.

—A son was born Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Boston.

—The paving of Main street now seems to be a reality.

—Oscar Engstrom has a new grocery advertisement in this issue.

—S. S. Fry had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse Friday night.

—Read about the bargains in Bell Brothers' advertisement this week.

—Mrs. Sandford L. Fry entertained the Bridge Whist club yesterday afternoon.

—W. H. Morrison is moving his family into the Rogers house on King street.

—George Brennan, the cash grocer, advertises fresh green goods daily in his space this week.

—Men who appreciate stylish clothing moderately priced—should read Monheimer's adjon this page.

—Fixings necessary for the home after spring house cleaning are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—By request the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach a sermon before the Bottle Blowers next Sunday evening.

—Several fine trout have been caught at the little dam, near the Shawmut station, by young boys of this borough.

—One week from next Sunday the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal church will be supplied by the Rev. John W. McGavern of Bradford, Asbury church.

—A. B. Armstrong is having the Bennet property on Main street extensively repaired which will add much to the appearance and convenience of that place.

—Orlo J. Hamlin has purchased a new seven passenger White steamer through the agency of F. H. Reed. The new car will be delivered some time this week.

—"The Humming Birds of Virginia" attracted a small audience at the Lyceum last Friday evening. It proved to be a very ordinary musical comedy at bargain prices.

—The Travelers Club has purchased the old home of the late Hon. W. S. Brownell. The Club expects to remodel it and have very pleasant club rooms. The consideration was $2,000.

—Subscribers should watch the date on the label of their MINER and see that they do not get a year in arrers, for we cannot send the paper unless it is paid for within the year.

—The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran church will serve supper at the hose house on Saturday from 5 to 8 p. m. After the supper a quantity of useful fancy work will be sold at auction. All are invited.

—Baseball claimed its first victim of the season Sunday afternoon at Pittsburg when Charles Lubore, aged six, died at the hospital of concession of the brain, the result of being hit on the head by a batted ball while watching the game.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club last Thursday night was a decided success. Despite the bad weather about sixty couple were in attendance and all had a most delightful time, dancing to the inspiring strains from Chadwick's orchestra.

—The P. R. R. Philadelphia Express, No. 51, will stop at Larabee until further notice for passengers from Condersport or other C. & P. A. R. R. points, which will allow Smethport people to visit Condersport and return the same day if they so desire.

—A fakir is offering to send you ten yards of good silk, any color, for $2.00. He don't send you the silk until he has your money and then you get silk thread or silk twist, which all goes to show that it is a pretty good idea to patronize home trade.

—Mrs. T. A. Morrison will entertain the Travelers' Club to-morrow afternoon in honor of Miss Myra Dock. Miss Dock is a member of Pennsylvania's State Board of Forestry, and will deliver a free lecture on Forestry at St. Luke's parish house in the evening.

—While Conductor McCandless of car No. 58 on B., R. C. & C. trolley was passing through East Bradford, a resident of East Main street threw a hatchet at him as he stood in the rear of the car Tuesday evening. The missle barely missed two other people. No damage was done.

—Miss Alice Stull is desirous of starting a physical culture class among the young ladies of the high school. Nothing is more beneficial to students than these exercises and parents should encourage their children to enter this class. If a large class can be organized the cost will be small. She will call a meeting in a few days when all young ladies should be in attendance and learn the particulars. Miss Stull's class for the ladies aside from school girls has its first meeting to-day. It starts off with a fair sized membership which should, and undoubtedly will, grow.

—The Leap Year dance given by the ladies of Smethport at the Lyceum last evening was a great social success. About 85 couples were present and enjoyed themselves until a late hour. Fred Purtle's orchestra of eight pieces furnished excellent music and delicious refreshments were served. When the ladies entertain their beaux they do it right.

—Notice is herewith given that on Friday, May 8th, 1908, a special train will be run via the Kushequa Route to Mt. Jewett and return for the purpose of witnessing the literary contest between the high schools of Kane and Mt. Jewett. The winner of this will meet Smethport High School for the 1908 championship of McKean county. Train leaves at 6:45 p. m. returning after the contest. Fare round trip 50c.

—Samuel Munson, a Swedish-American, aged about 70 years, died at the County Home Sunday afternoon, the cause of his death being consumption. For several years Mr. Munson lived at Colegrove and was in the employ of N. W. Heinnonian. His health failed him and he went to his native home for a time but returned here again and last December entered the County Home. He had no relatives in this vicinity.

—The supper given by the Ladies of the Maccabees at the hose house last Saturday evening was a decided success. The ladies served one of the best suppers ever offered by such an organization and there was such a demand for them that many had to be turned away without anything to eat, owing to the fact that the ladies did not expect such a crowd and had not provided enough victuals. However those who were fed were well fed.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plotts, who live near Inez, has a cat which has adopted four small woodchucks. The cat gave birth to kittens which were drowned. Shortly after the son of Mr. and Mrs. Plotts brought home four baby woodchucks and put them beside the cat. At first she would pay no attention to them, but soon after decided to take them under her care, and never did a mother cat give more attention to her kittens than this one does to her adopted family.

—A Turk who gave his name as Ristalis is at the Olean hospital perhaps fatally injured. He was in the woods at Eldred on Sunday when he was injured by a falling limb from a tree. The first report was that the man had been killed and Coroner Sherman of this city was notified Sunday afternoon. The coroner gave instructions to have the body taken in charge by Undertaker Marsh, but it was found later that the man was alive. His comrades thought him dead.—Bradford Era.

—Oscar Engstrom has closed the deal with A. E. Foster & Co. for their grocery store on Main street and he is now conducting the business. The retiring firm has enjoyed a first-class business for several years past and Mr. Foster and family have made many friends in Smethport who will unite with the MINER in the hope that Mr. Foster may find some other profitable business that will keep him and his estimable family with us. Mr. Engstrom is an able, energetic business man who will conduct this store in a most satisfactory manner and we wish him success beyond his fondest hopes.

—Paul Lyons, the 17-year-old son of Michael Lyons, was drowned in the Allegheny River at Olean late Tuesday afternoon. He bought a canoe that day and invited Florence Norton and Edith Colegrove to go riding in it with him. When they were passing South Fourth street the canoe, for some unknown reason, capsized throwing its occupants into the river. The accident was witnessed by several persons. The young ladies were rescued, but young Lyons was drowned before assistance could reach him. Miss Colegrove is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and her many frieds in Smethport and Mt. Jewett, while sympathizing with the sorrowing relatives of Paul Lyons, will be pleased to hear that she escaped so fortunately.

—Bell Bros., Olean, are making some extensive improvements in their big department store. A "gallery" has been put in over the third floor to make room for the furniture which formerly occupied the second floor, and now the second floor will be devoted entirely to ready-to-wear garments for the ladies. The third floor and "gallery" are filled with furniture, carpets, rugs and wall paper, which together with the many other departments on the first floor and basement makes one of the most complete department stores in this section of the country. They are now prepared to furnish everything for a home except a wife, and one member of this enterprising firm assured us that it was not unusual for a young man to pick out a wife from his host of beautiful and courteous clerks.

Personal Mention.

J. C. Backus left Tuesday for Chicago.

Roy Holmes is in Chicago this week on business.

John Connelly was an Olean visitor this week.

Mrs. Archie Malcom visited Olean yesterday.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin left Friday for Geneva, N. Y.

Claude Denning of Hazelhurst was in town Tuesday.

Wm. Swanson of Kasson had business in town on Tuesday.

John Martin of Clermont was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah Blake is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence passed Sunday with Olean friends.

Oscar Engstrom was calling on Mt. Jewett friends Friday.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin returned Wednesday from Bradford.

P. O. Foley of Olean was a business visitor in town this week.

Mrs. Julius Flatow of Hazelhurst was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus were in Olean the fore part of the week.

James Biggins of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Harry Freeman of Selgfried, Pa., spent Monday in town visiting friends.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Harry Silliman of St. Marys was the guest of Harry Rubin on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. L. Ives and children of Eldred were visiting her parents this week.

Dr. F. C. Pierce has business in Buffalo this week, he will return Friday.

Olins Landon and daughter of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town yesterday.

Miss Frances Campbell spent Sunday with Miss Mayola Young of Custer City.

Mrs. C. D. Bush and son returned to their home in Lock Haven last Saturday.

Sylvester Crocker of Ceres was in town Tuesday and found time to call at this office.

Mrs. S. Rumsey of Marvindale was a pleasant caller at this office Monday morning.

D. J. Donahue of Sartwell was calling on his many friends in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cadean of Kane passed Sunday as the guests of Miss Rose Curtis.

Mrs. J. A. Holder is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Foster Studholme, in Olean this week.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane had business in town Friday, and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup returned home Friday from a four weeks' visit with Boston friends.

Mrs. S. D. Weaver, a former resident of this place, was visiting friends in town this week.

George A. Denning was called to Odessa, N. Y., Monday by the serious illness of his mother.

Mrs. Mary Kerns returned home Friday from Buffalo, where she had been for some time with her mother.

J. D. Snyder of Bradford attended the school directors' convention which was held at the court house Tuesday.

Miss Vera Freeman returned home Tuesday from Bradford where she had been the guest of Miss Myra Corwin.

Fenton Whalen left Tuesday for Cleveland where he will purchase new parts for R. W. Hilton's White steamer.

Miss Carrie Wilkison left yesterday morning for Olean where she will spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Leo Raymer.

Leo Digel returned Tuesday evening from Cleveland where he has been getting a few pointers on running the 1908 White steamer.

Mrs and Mrs. Frank Thornton and Mrs. Julia Thornton, who have been visiting Mrs. and Mrs. Chas. Canfield of Bradford, returned home Monday.

Mrs. F. A. Mason, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo, arrived home Friday. Mrs. Mason has been in very poor health for some time and at this writing is not much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris will leave next Monday for a two weeks' trip to Baltimore, Washington and New York. While in Baltimore they will attend the general conference in session there during this week.

Notice to Paving Contractors.

Sealed bids for paving between 18,000 and 18,000 square yards in the Borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will be received by the Secretary of said Borough Council up to 8 o'clock p. m. May 25, 1908, and plans and specifications for same may be had from the Sec'y of Council—the Borough reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Carpets & Draperies

Spring renovating time is here. You'll need a new Carpet or Rug perhaps, new Lace Curtains and Portiers for a room or two—possibly the bath room and kitchen should have some new Linoleum or Oil Cloth—Window Shades, too, need looking after some of the rollers are not working right, perhaps they never were what they should have been for the price you paid. There's a lot of difference in shade rollers. Our shades are mounted on the best possible grade at the price and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

CARPETS. In our ample department we offer you all the advantages of the exclusive carpet store as to variety, with prices positively lower, as we carry no stock and run no risk. Tapestry, Body Brussels, Velvets, Axministers, Ingrains we carry in stock at prices ranging from 28c to 55c per yd.

RUG BARGAINS. 9x12 Brussels Rugs in choice patterns. Worth one-fourth more. $15.50.

PORTIERS. Latest ideas in Color and Design. $2.69 to $6.50.

LACE CURTAINS. All sorts, from Nottinghams at 50c per pair to fine French Bobinets up to $5.75 per pair.

MULL CURTAINS. Good quality ruffled Curtains, 50c to $1.50.

WINDOW SHADES. White, Ecru and Green, 10c to 35c.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark, "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

Do You Need Seed Potatoes?
Well, We Have Them.

The Beauty of Hebron and The Early Rose, also The Carmon.

Give our Searchlight and Acme Flour a trial. Now selling for $1.55 and $1.50.

Fresh Green Goods Received Daily.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

THE MEN

who look around before buying are the men who will appreciate our

$15.00 SUITS

when they see them. Of course we have cheaper Suits, too—and quite a few better ones—but you can get here an excellent Suit for

$15.00

that looks well, has all latest "wrinkles," and our GUARANTEE that they will wear well.

WM. MONHEIMER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " P, " " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

The Standard Syndicate.

By Annie Hinrichsen.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

"Mr. Harringford wears a broad brimmed felt hat and a white lawn tie and dresses almost as well as if he had a good tailor. He wears his hair a la Samson before he met Delilah. Without it he couldn't make a speech. In solemn pauses he sweeps it off his noble brow. In frenzied moments he clutches it wildly, and fiery eloquence results. The distinguished young southern congressman has struck a happy medium between a sophomore and a Fourth of July orator. He has the profundity, the all wise, know it all of the college student and the cheap wit, stale stories, I-work-to-please-the-public manner of the Independence day spouker."

Mr. Harringford read the article several times. He was accustomed to reading about himself, but in this sketch was a personal ridicule which at once amused and stung him. It had been cut from a provincial paper by a clipping bureau. It was not signed, but under the heading "News From Washington" were the words "Copyright by the Standard Syndicate."

That night Mr. Harringford visited a barber and was properly shorn. A facetious young man intimated that Samson had met Delilah, and a battle followed. The facetious young man was badly beaten and the hot tempered congressman somewhat disfigured.

The bureau sent another clipping from the Standard syndicate's news, Washington.

"Mr. Harringford refuses to discuss his black eye, but a story is being told concerning the cause of it. There are several aspirants for Mr. Harringford's seat in congress, and he is making strenuous efforts to strengthen himself with the leaders of his party in his district, many of whom are old Confederate soldiers. At the Army and Navy club a few days ago Mr. Harringford confided to an ex-Confederate colonel his intention of introducing a bill pensioning the soldiers who fought under Jefferson Davis. The ex-Confederate colonel resented Mr. Harringford's proposed legislation as an insult to the south and proceeded to avenge the honor of his lost cause. Mr. Harringford's friends regret that in his eagerness to make a grand stand play he has shown so little political shrewdness."

The congressman swore picturesquely and called his secretary.

"Smith," he thundered, "wire the editor of that paper for the address of the Standard Syndicate and the name of the person who writes the 'News From Washington!'"

The editor's reply came: "Standard Syndicate, Washington, D. C., H. W. Carleton, president. Don't know who writes 'News From Washington.'"

The city directory did not contain the name of the Standard syndicate nor of H. W. Carleton, and at the postoffice the clerks did not know the address. The mail for the syndicate was placed in a lock box. The clerks did not know who called for it.

One morning the congressman read in the "News From Washington:" "Mr. Harringford is a most chivalrous gentleman. It is said that he has promised his fair constituents to introduce and secure the passage of a bill providing for the free distribution of hairpins and violet perfume. Will such a measure tend to curtail our supply of free government seeds? If so, we should give the matter serious consideration. A new issue may confront us and result in the formation of two new parties—the hairpin-perfume party and the seed party. We call the attention of statesmen and thinkers to this proposed bill of Mr. Harringford's."

As the wrathful congressman finished the article his secretary entered the room.

"I've found the Standard syndicate," he announced triumphantly. "Tracked them down at last."

Mr. Harringford picked up a riding whip.

"Where are they?"

"In the Cairo."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. A girl—a stunner—came out of the postoffice as I was passing and walked up the street ahead of me. She had a handful of letters, and one of them dropped, address up, on the sidewalk. I picked it up, and the address was 'The Standard Syndicate.'

"I followed her, and she went to the Cairo. The elevator boy told me her name was Carleton and gave me the number of her suit. She's probably the daughter or sister of H. W. Carleton. The elevator boy didn't know anything about him."

Mr. Harringford went to the Cairo. From the elevator he walked rapidly down the corridor to the door of the Carleton suit. He pressed the electric button and took a tighter grip on his riding whip.

The door opened, and a girl in street dress stood before him.

"Miss Carleton?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Carleton in?"

She looked puzzled.

"Mr. Carleton?" she asked.

"Mr. H. W. Carleton, president of the Standard syndicate."

"No; he's not in."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Is he out of the city?"

"Yes."

"Who manages the Standard syndicate in his absence?"

She shook her head.

"Can you tell me anything about the company?"

"There is nothing to tell."

"Who is their Washington correspondent?"

She looked at the whip in his hand and laughed.

"If you will come when Mr. Carleton is in," she said, "he will tell you all you wish to know."

The friendliness in her voice dispelled his irritation.

"When will he be here?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment. "His habits are irregular. He may be here any time. He is never gone long."

"I wish very much indeed to see him." He was thinking he had never seen a more charming face. "I shall call again in a few days."

A week later Mr. Harringford called—without his whip—to see Mr. Carleton. The president was not in. Miss Carleton did not know when he would be, and Mr. Harringford, although his call was a long one, made few inquiries about the syndicate.

When next he called Mr. Carleton had left the city the day before. The next time he was expected home in a day or two. Then Mr. Harringford forgot to ask for him.

One afternoon Mr. Harringford rang several times at Miss Carleton's suit. There was no answer, and he opened the door and went in. He sat down and waited a few minutes. Then he walked restlessly about the room looking at pictures and bric-a-brac.

In his wanderings he came to a table. On it were several long, bulky envelopes and a mimeograph. Each envelope bore in Miss Carleton's writing the address of a newspaper.

Beside the mimeograph lay the article from which the copies had been made. He read the heading: "News From Washington. Copyright by the Standard Syndicate."

There was a soft rustle behind him, but he did not turn.

"Mr. Harringford!" She walked around the table and stood opposite him. "Mr. Harringford!" Her voice trembled.

"You wrote this?" he asked coldly. She nodded.

"You are the Washington correspondent of the Standard syndicate?"

"Yes."

"Are you H. W. Carleton?"

"Yes, and—and I'm worse than that. I'm the whole Standard syndicate."

The congressman stared at her.

"The whole Standard syndicate?" he repeated.

"The whole thing," she said miserably. "I'm the Washington correspondent, the president— I'm—I'm even the printers."

A little of the hardness left his face.

"Why did you not tell me?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't. At first it was great fun to deceive you and to keep you hunting H. W. Carleton. And when I knew you better I couldn't tell you I was the person who had written those contemptible things about you."

"How have you done this—a girl like you?"

"I came here as correspondent for a western paper, but the pay was small. I wrote to a number of provincial papers and asked them if they could use a series of weekly letters from Washington. I signed myself 'The Standard Syndicate, H. W. Carleton, President.' Several papers subscribed for the letters. Every week I wrote the 'News From Washington,' made the copies on the mimeograph and sent them to my papers. All the correspondents were puffing you, and I thought you were becoming a little spectacular and very conceited. After I knew you I was sorry and bitterly ashamed. I wanted to ask your forgiveness, but I was afraid you wouldn't"—

"Do you think I care for what you wrote about me?" he asked indignantly. "Is my vanity as great as that?"

"But I care dreadfully. I have not written any more nasty things about you. I've praised you as much as the others have. But I couldn't tell you." Her voice broke, and her eyes were full of tears. "Don't be angry with me. Can't you forgive me?"

"I can—on conditions."

"What are they?"

"The Standard syndicate goes out of business and H. W. Carleton devotes her time to criticising me—but not on paper."

Miss Carleton gathered up her envelopes and dropped them into the open fire and laid the mimeograph on them. Then she turned to Harringford and held out her hands.

"The Standard syndicate has gone out of business," she said.

The Earliest Hospitals.

Since the earliest times there have been some sort of places which were designed for hospital work, although at first they were little more than shelters or cheaply built almshouses. In the Roman camps there was a medical staff to look after the wounded.

Among the earliest hospitals on record is that said to have been founded by Valens in Caesarea 370-80 A. D. and the one built in Rome by Fabiola, a Roman lady, although, like most others of that and even later times, both institutions probably were almshouses as well.

The origin of our present hospitals is traced to the monastic arrangements for the care of the sick and indigent. Every monastery once housed the sick and convalescent.

Almost the earliest record of the building of a hospital in England is in the life of Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1080 founded two, one for leprosy and one for ordinary diseases. In the eighteenth century London, between 1710 and 1747, established five public and five special hospitals. In Ireland, between 1726 and 1774, there were five public and three special ones established in Dublin, one in Cork, one in Limerick, and in 1707 one in Belfast.—Washington Post.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

BURIED HER VOICE.

Why Pauline Lucca Never Sang After Her Husband's Death.

Great stage artists die twice—the first time, when they take leave of the stage and set aside the harp; the second time, when, like ordinary mortals, they go the way of all flesh—and who knows but this last act is not more bearable, not less dreadful, than the first, when, after all the blinding glory, the shadowy curtain of oblivion descends? For Pauline Lucca this first act was of long duration—nearly twenty years. She had time to outlive her glory and to become acquainted with the bad memory of mankind. Ilka Horwitz-Barnay tells this story in connection with a visit which she made to the Lucca home in Vienna: "I asked, 'Do you ever sing?' 'No! No! Never!' she almost shouted. 'I never sing, for I lost my voice, lost it suddenly, by suggestion, through the will of another.' After being urged to explain she exacted a promise of secrecy 'until she was no more' and said: 'You know, my husband, the Baron von Wallhofen, was sick for a long time and heard little singing. When I did sing for him it had to be an old song which I disliked, but he was fond of it because of its words. One evening we had a few friends here. He was feeling somewhat better and had his chair wheeled into the drawing room. To please him I sang his favorite song. He wept with pleasure. Then he took my two hands and caressed them, stroked my hair and my face and whispered to me: "Thank you! Thank you! You are an angel!" And, still caressing me, he said, "So I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" I laughed and said, "You will outlive my voice and me." But he repented, "I shall take your voice with me to the grave!" Two days later the baron died, and I was never able after his death to sing a note.'"—Vienna Neue Freie Presse.

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light.

"And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry, 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'"

His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—not taller than my shoulder—I know that."

The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders.

"You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful now in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill cannot help him."

The blind boy was the first to speak, and he laid his arm around the suddenly aged form of his father.

"Come," he said, "let us go back to mother. She will always be beautiful to me now," and they turned and gave place to the others.—Exchange.

Caustic Whistler.

Whistler's caustic wit is shown by the following anecdote:

"Of one who was held to be England's most brilliant young artist, 'Yes,' he said thoughtfully, 'he's clever, but there's something common in everything he does, so what's the use of it?'"

Like many great men, he had but little time for any but his own work. "He told me a story demonstrating this most clearly. His 'Nocturne In Blue and Gold, Valparaiso,' was in the Hill collection in Brighton. Mr. Hill had two galleries and a well known collection, eventually sold at Christie's. Whistler went down to see Mr. Hill, and said he:

"'I was shown into the galleries and of course took a chair and sat looking at my beautiful "Nocturne." Then, as there was nothing else to do, I went to sleep.'"—Sidney Starr's "Personal Recollections of Whistler" in Atlantic.

A Chinese Delicacy.

The tips from the topmost shoots of the bamboo tree are culled when they are *not more* than three inches long, peeled and preserved much as pineapple is, though the tips are cut in quarters. This fruit has a remarkably delicate and pleasant taste and is largely used as a flavoring for meat, though it can be eaten in the raw state, being rich and juicy. The edible is expensive on account of the difficulty in securing it from the tops of the tall, slender trees at just the right time.

An Uncomfortable Answer.

In one of Sir George Colley's letters he says: "Lord Lytton had a good story about poor Lord Leitrim, who shortly before his murder, talking with a countryman about some cases of landlord shooting, asked, 'Why don't the rascals shoot me?' 'Ah, thin, yer honner,' said the man, 'it's just this—what's everybody's business is no body's business!'"

The Real Genius.

"They say it's hard to live with a genius."

"Bosh! Were not all women geniuses how would most families exist?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A GREAT WRESTLER.

His Encounter With the Czar and His Ignoble Reward.

One of the stories of Peter the Great which are current at the court of St. Petersburg is of the great czar's wrestling match with a young dragoon. Once in the imperial palace—so the story goes—Peter was at table with a great many princes and noblemen and soldiers were posted within the hall. The czar was in a joyous mood, and, rising, called out to the company: "Listen, princes and boyars! Is there among you one who will wrestle with the czar?" There was no reply, and the czar repeated the challenge.

No prince or nobleman dared to wrestle with his sovereign. But all at once a young dragoon stepped out from the ranks of the soldiers on guard. "Listen, orthodox czar," he said. "I will wrestle with thee." "Well, young dragoon," said Peter, "I will wrestle with thee, but on these conditions: If thou throwest me, I will pardon thee, but if thou art thrown thou shalt be beheaded. Wilt thou wrestle on those conditions?"

"I will, great czar," said the soldier. They closed, and presently the soldier with his left arm threw the czar and with his right he prevented him from falling to the ground. The sovereign was clearly beaten. The czar offered the soldier whatever reward he should claim, and he ignobly claimed the privilege of drinking free as long as he lived in all the inns belonging to the crown. What became of him history does not say.

ATOMIC WORLDS.

There May Be a Billion of Them In a Speck of Dust.

How would you like to live in an atom—to be one of the millions of inhabitants of a world so small that you cannot even see it beneath a microscope?

The scientists tell us that each atom is a solar system, with its central sun and revolving planets in their orbits, and that little atom people live and love and fight and die there and never know but what they are just the biggest and most important folks that live. There are military atomites there, no doubt, who strut around and get tangled up in their swords and give orders in gruff voices; actor atomites who star in atomite theaters and are adored by lovely atomite maidens and criticised by the trenchant pens of the newspaper men.

There is every reason to believe that life in the atom is much like life in the earth and that the kings and emperors there make war on their distant enemies and have their peace conferences and their periods of financial stringency. The joke of it is that they probably take themselves seriously, and, though there may be a billion atomite worlds in a speck of dust, there is never an inhabitant of one of them that knows how small he is and how much he misses by not being a man instead of an atomite.—New York World.

Slow Mental Ripening.

Not infrequently those mentalities that ripen the slowest last the longest, and often the history of these great men has been persistent neglect and worldly coldness until forty or more years have passed before their greatness has been conceded by their contemporaries. Truly "the life history of a great genius is almost invariably one of a sad and somber tone, a walk apart from the beaten path." Such are the words of one who should know what the "doers of deeds" must endure. Be this as it may, it is now recognized that many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature and in all activities have been wrought by men long past sixty. Writes one, "No strong man will accept sixty as the arbitrary limit of his ambition and working ability."—W. A. Newman Dorland in Century.

The Silkworm.

Upon attaining full growth the silkworm becomes restless, stops feeding and throws out silken threads. The silk is formed in a fluid condition and issues from the body of the worm in a glutinous state, apparently in a single thread. From this silk the worm constructs its cocoon, an interval of from three to five days being required to complete its imprisonment in the envelope. In order that the silken strands may not be subjected to the danger of breakage by the moth emerging from the cocoon, the cocoons are steamed till the inclosed insects are dead. After this the silk may be wound off.—New York American.

Exasperating, Truly.

Mrs. Higsley—Clara, I must insist that you send young Mr. Granley away earlier. It was long after 11 o'clock last night when you closed the front door after him. Clara—I know, mamma, and I have made up my mind a dozen different times to make him leave early, but he has a way somehow of always giving the impression long after the shank of the evening has passed that he is just about to say something one has been waiting for. It's awful exasperating!—St. Louis Republic.

Idle Curiosity.

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?"

"My friend Sniggleby assured me he'd pay me that $5 today or break a leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."—Kansas City Journal.

Easy.

Lady (on street)—Do you know where Johnny Tucker lives, my little boy? Little Boy—He ain't home, but if you give me a nickel I'll find him for you. Lady—All right. Now, where is he? Little Boy—Thanks. I'm him.—Judge.

Selections

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Wonders She Has Accomplished Since the Earthquake.

The plain facts about what the people of San Francisco have done in less than two years since the earthquake and fire, which together destroyed 28,000 buildings, are simply beyond comprehension among the people of the east. The damage by the earthquake was less than 5 per cent of the total destruction. It was the fire which succeeded the earthquake that caused the awful havoc. There were 28,000 buildings destroyed, worth in the aggregate $105,000,000. In spite of labor troubles and a cloud of all kinds of difficulties which would have daunted the people of most cities, San Francisco within the short period of twenty-two months since the disaster has erected or is now completing 10,000 new buildings, worth $111,000,000. That is to say, these new structures represent $6,000,000 more than the original loss, and yet only $5,000,000 of the capital necessary for this gigantic work of upbuilding came from outside of San Francisco.

What is equally significant, these 10,000 buildings have more floor and room space for business purposes than the 28,000 that were destroyed. This serves to show the larger and better lines on which the new city has been and is being rebuilt. The bank clearance of San Francisco showed a remarkable increase last year over former years. The resources of the national banks of the city are $96,000,000, and those of the savings banks are $163,000,000, while the deposits in the commercial banks amount to more than $70,000,000. For a city the size of San Francisco, which, it is believed, has a larger population today than it had before the fire, these figures are certainly impressive and give a good idea of the immense wealth and the natural resources of the city.

Whatever may be the result of the recent municipal troubles, San Francisco now has an honest mayor and an intelligent board of supervisors, whose integrity is unquestioned, and the awakened interest of the solid men of the city in public affairs gives the assurance of a square deal in all civic matters.—Boston Globe.

Drama In an Omnibus.

In a motor omnibus in the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, one day last winter a curious little drama was enacted before the passengers.

A well dressed man wearing a silk hat and a coat trimmed with astrakhan entered the omnibus and was immediately followed by a less well dressed individual who sat opposite him and stared hard. After a little of this the first man seemed embarrassed and rose to leave, but the other jumped up and said: "Stay. Is not your name Etienne Sagnard, aged thirty-eight, who was sentenced three years ago by the Rhone assizes to ten years' penal servitude, and have you not recently escaped from the penal settlement in French Guiana?"

The other man turned very white and uttered a protest. But his interrogator produced his card, "Inspector Mornet of the criminal investigation department," and a pair of handcuffs, and the two got out together.

How Our Army Is Formed.

The average citizen, it is safe to say, has a very hazy idea concerning the size and constitution of the United States army. A writer in Harper's Weekly gives some interesting facts bearing upon this matter. The government dreams of an army numbering 70,000 men. The present strength is 57,000. Of the theoretical 70,000 soldiers the fifteen regiments of cavalry, which never lack their full complement, comprise nearly 14,000 officers and men, the six regiments of field artillery 5,500, the coast artillery corps close upon 20,000, the thirty regiments of infantry 27,000, the engineers 2,000, and the remainder consist of the staff corps, Indian scouts and a small number of native soldiers in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The total number of commissioned officers amounts to about 3,900.

Teeth and Pumice.

Cheering words for lovers of sweets were spoken by Dr. Charles A. Brackett in a recent lecture at the Harvard Medical school. He said that the evil effect of candy eating on the teeth was much exaggerated. A reasonable amount of sugar being needed in the system—for the production of heat, especially in cold weather and for hard working people. Dr. Brackett commended the scheme of a Philadelphia dentist who takes a contract to preserve the teeth of his patients, charging them a nominal sum to keep their teeth clean by a monthly scouring with pumice. So effective is that simple treatment that the dentist agrees to treat without charge any decay that appears.

Sulphur in the Stars.

Sir Norman Lockyer has recently announced the discovery of the strongest spark lines of sulphur in the spectrum of the bright star Rigel. These lines have not previously been traced in the spectrum of any celestial body. Certain sulphur lines which behave in an abnormal manner in spark and vacuum tube spectra are not found in the spectrum of Rigel, but they do occur in stars of the type of Bellatrix and Epsilon Orionis, which represent higher stages of temperature than do stars of the type of Rigel.

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State Treasurer—John O Sheats
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Kenyon, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Hall, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Judges of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work 1ultary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2377, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. C. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. E. WALRATH, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

MRS. A. A. ABBEY, L. C.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MISS E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDS, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EMMERICH, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 14, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MORNEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.—Sunday school at 12 m.; Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Saving the Ticket.

By Carl Williams.

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"I suppose that all this seems very tiresome to you," said pretty Nelly Briggs as she slipped into a chair beside Carol. "It's not much like your swell parties in the city. They must be grand."

Carol smiled and nodded an absent-minded assent. She was beginning to hate the farce she was playing. Ill health had sent her back to Broadwater, and her old associates in the little town had taken it for granted that because her few dresses were well tailored and her feminine knickknacks were better than those sold at the Boston store she had prospered mightily.

She had not told them that the dresses were last year's styles purchased at the bargain counter after infinite sacrifice and that the knickknacks which seemed so precious in Broadwater eyes were the odds and ends of remnant sales. She had permitted them to believe that her life was one round of gayety and it was all that they in their wistful imaginings pictured.

She was beginning to hate herself for the notes she had. At first it had been very pleasant to receive the homage of her associates and the nice things that were said about her in the Broadwater Hubs—to speak grandly of "in town," but now she found that it had set her upon a pedestal apart from them, and she was minded to step down and mingle with the crowd.

Only two days remained of her vacation, and this dance had been arranged in her honor, marking the culmination of a round of festivities. As the guest of honor Carol shared her dances impartially with all applicants, dividing a dance between three or four of the boys, but Nelly's remark had dampened her pleasure in her belleship.

It was not at all like the parties in the city. The town hall was no more dingy than the places at which were held the only dances she attended. More, it was clean and bright, and no

"WE'LL SAVE IT," CRIED SETH JUBILANTLY.

insistent calls of the waiter jarred the sensibilities and reminded the merry-makers that patronage of the bar was considered indispensable.

A piano and cornet constituted the orchestra, and they were playing last year's selections. Carol smiled as she contrasted their playing with the fifteen piece bands at the summer parks near town, but the atmosphere was altogether different, and with a sigh she realized that in a few days she would be going back to the tawdry glitter of the city, where she was only one of the lookers on at the real events and where her own field was restricted to the people in her boarding house, the few congenial girls in the church club to which she belonged and the half dozen men in the office where she spent her days bent over a typewriter.

Seth Morey came up to claim the first half of the next waltz, and as she placed her hand in his he said, as Nelly Briggs had done before him:

"I suppose it all seems foolish to you. I guess you're used to men in dress suits and all that."

Carol thought of the men who danced with their hats on the back of their heads and only smiled in reply.

"I'm thinking of coming to the city next fall," continued Seth. "I guess I need a little polishing up."

"You're better off where you are," said Carol wearily. "If you'll take my advice you'll stay here."

"Of course we can't all be as clever as you and get ahead as fast," he said stiffly. "There's Tommy Madigan. I think he has the second chance at this dance."

Carol knew as well as Seth that Tommy was not next in turn, but she accepted the exchange and went whirling about the hall with him, while Seth sat in a corner glowering upon the crowd of dancers and fiercely assured himself that he was foolish to imagine that a girl like Carol would care for a country fellow like himself after she had met so many smart men in the city.

Humbly he admitted the truth of her suggestion that he could not make progress in town, and he succeeded in becoming thoroughly miserable.

He was glad when the two piece orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the girls hurried to the dressing room for their wraps. He waited at the door for Carol.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked as she came from the dressing room in her smart coat and fur.

"If—if you won't be cross again," assented Carol, slipping her arm through his. "You know very well," she added as they descended the stairs, "that Tommy Madigan was not next on my list, and yet you got angry because I urged you to stay here at home instead of trying your luck in town."

"I know I was foolish," he asserted a little sadly. "I'd stand no chance with those city bred fellows. You always were clever and could get ahead."

"It isn't that," explained Carol. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Seth. It's all been a big mistake. Everybody up here supposes that I am doing so well that I can afford to come home for a rest without waiting for the summer vacation. That's not it at all."

"But you're here, and it's only April," he reminded her.

"I'm here," she went on, "because I broke down trying to live and dress myself and do everything on $7 a week. I had to have nice clothes or I could not get a place. I had to put my money on my back instead of into my food. They have no use for a girl who does not convey the impression that the office is a prosperous one. I'm sick and tired of it all, and I loathe the idea of going back."

"You wouldn't care to stay on here," he declared incredulously. "You don't have half the fun. This was a big event tonight for us. Just contrast it with the times you have in town."

"I have; that's what makes me so miserable," she confessed. "In town I don't go to the great balls you read about unless it's to stand outside in the street and catch a glimpse of the rich people as they go in. My balls are in halls smaller than this town hall and they're horrid. When I go to the theater, it's to climb to the top gallery to hang over the rail and see only a part of the stage."

"And you'd rather stay here in Broadwater?" he asked. "You'd rather live in this sleepy old town than in the city, with all the lights and life?"

Carol looked about her. An April calm that afternoon had left the air cool and sweet. The scent of moist earth and of growing things filled the air with fragrance, and the moon touched with kindly light the little huddle of houses gleaming white against the soft new green of the budding trees.

Then she thought of the city, with its noisome streets, the trolleys smelling of gas pipes and sewers, of the reeking pavements and the harsh glare of the electric lights.

She contrasted the quiet of the night with the hurrying, jostling throng of humanity, men and women who never were rested, who thought only of themselves and had not time for others.

"You don't know—the city," she said with a little sob in her voice. "It's a vampire, merciless and menacing. It sucks your lifeblood and throws you aside for fresh victims."

"Then why go back?" asked Seth quietly. "I haven't spoken before because I thought that you never would be content with Broadwater again, but if you want to stay, dear, can't you stay—as my wife?"

The glad light sprang to Carol's eyes, but the eternal feminine within her rose. It seemed too easy a surrender.

"I have the return half of my ticket," she objected. "I can't waste that."

"I'll get one, too," he suggested, "and we'll go together—on our honeymoon."

"I'd like to go back to the city for a honeymoon," said Carol shyly. "It seems a shame to waste the ticket."

"We'll save it!" cried Seth jubilantly. "I'm grateful to the city since it sent you back home—to me."

Satisfied.

"Please, sir!" piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," said the little fellow, handing over a half gallon can.

It was duly filled and handed over.

"Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually.

And then the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here," he said. "Gimme back the can!"

Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied and handed back to him, with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do, and I think you 'ave, sir."—London Scraps.

Most Important Work.

A reporter recently took a journey of considerable length for the purpose of interviewing a rising literary light as to his next novel. On reaching the house he discovered the author seated in his garden engaged in earnest conversation with a little boy who had a large towel pinned around his neck. The author received his visitor cordially, but seemed rather absentminded.

"Are you willing to tell me a little about your next important work?" asked the reporter.

The literary man clicked a pair of shears and patted the boy on the shoulder.

"We were just talking about it as you came up," he said. "Willie thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it without. What would you advise? You see his mother has always cut it before, but she's away just now!"—Home Magazine.

SLOW PROMOTION.

The Struggle to Become a Captain of an Atlantic Liner.

Promotion in the transatlantic lines is slow, and there are more deserving and qualified candidates than positions for them.

Probably the captain has been in the same line since he began as a fourth officer when he was a very young man. Before that he must have had some experience in sailing ships and acquired at least a mate's certificate. On many of the great transatlantic liners all the officers are holders of masters' certificates, and then some of them, although at the bottom so far as actual position goes, are certified by competent examiners in seamanship and navigation to be qualified for the top.

There are six or seven navigating officers under the captain in the biggest ships, and each aspires to be a captain himself in time. Progress is labyrinthine in this profession, however. The ships themselves are graded as well as the men.

Suppose you have risen to be chief officer in one of the inferior vessels of the fleet; the captain dies or retires; his place is not given to you, but to the chief officer of the commodore ship of the line, and you are merely transferred, without change of rank, to a better ship. From that ship you pass to a better and a better until the slow and wearying progress leads you, after scores of voyages and anxious experiences in the fitful Atlantic in the fogs of summer and the hurricanes of winter, to the commodore ship. The command of her becomes vacant, but it is not yet for you. You are promoted to a captaincy—to the captaincy of the least important ship of the line. But, although you are sent down from the top of one ladder, it is to climb another, and you are little inclined to complain.

Then, if there is nothing against you, if you avoid accidents and if the owners approve of you in all ways, you will in another ten years or so have had command of intermediate ships and at last have risen to the newest, finest and fastest. By this time you are likely to be verging on middle age or beyond it, and the next step will be toward the limit at which you must retire, leaving the climbing to others, some of whom may never reach the top, near though it seems.

Favor plays no part in advancement at sea. All the lines keep to those of their own officers whose ability and fidelity are proved and promote them, with few exceptions, in the rotation I have described. The captains are all men who have risen in the line they serve, and happily no usurpation by outsiders is ever heard of.—William H. Rideing in Youth's Companion.

The Power of a Song.

Mme. Marchesi, speaking of the power of song, said: "I was singing at Edinburgh, where I have very good friends in the head master of a big public school and his wife, and it was arranged that I should have supper with them after the concert. One of my songs was Landon Ronald's 'Peace and Rest,' the idea of which is two lovers not separated by death, but lying together in the same tomb. When I came to supper with my friends my host said to me: 'Ah, Mme. Marchesi, that song you sing, "Peace and Rest," had a great effect upon me. I never thought before of my wife and I being separated by death—I did not wonder at this, for he is a most happy man, full of joy of life—but since I heard you sing that song I have been thinking hard, and tomorrow I am going to buy a family vault.' I scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry, but in the end we all laughed. And surely this would be hard to beat for an example of 'what a song can do.'"

Thin Glass and Thick.

Glass is a substance that we cannot figure the strength of as we can a great many other things with which we are familiar. It varies greatly in itself. The strongest glass, as a rule, breaks into the greatest number of fragments. Comparing the strength of thin glass with thick, the former is relatively the stronger. This is a thing very often lost sight of. Then, again, as to the difference between rough plate and polished plate, we find polished plate the stronger. This is perhaps to be attributed to the fact that all these very fine surface hair cracks are polished out. These only go into the glass to a certain depth, and when they are all or nearly all polished and ground off there is less chance for some of them to form the basis of a crack, and thereby the glass is increased in strength. Tests have been made, and some formulae have been arrived at. As was to be expected, they show very irregular results as to the strength of glass.

A Baseball His Tombstone.

The grave of William A. Hulbert, at one time president of the old National Baseball league, is marked with a tombstone in the shape of a baseball. When Mr. Hulbert died, in 1882, some of his old associates set about to show their love and respect for him, and the result was the monument in Graceland cemetery, Chicago. The baseball is made of red granite, about twenty inches in diameter, showing the seams as they appear upon the balls used in the regulation games. Across the top appears in raised letters, "W. A. Hulbert, President National League, P. B. B. C., 1876, 1882." On one side appear the names of four clubs in the old league—Boston, Providence, Worcester and Troy—and on the other those of the other four—Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit. Also there is a headstone of white marble, upon which appears the name, together with the date of birth, Oct. 23, 1832, and the date of death, April 10, 1882.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Cupid and an Easter Hat.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Conservative Lake City was treated to three sensations in one week.

First, James Douglas, from Glasgow, Scotland, by way of Chicago, opened "The Fair," Lake City's first real department store, with "red letter" and "special hour" sales, a gleaming soda fountain and all the other features of up to date shopping life.

Second, among the frock coated floorwalkers installed in this modern shopping hive was old man Douglas' own son, Carter, late of Harvard and more recently returned from a pedestrian trip through the British Isles. And, what is more, he was curtly informed by his paternal parent that he would be expected to keep the regular hours and live off the salary drawn by other eighteen-a-week floorwalkers of the establishment.

And thirdly Marjorie Davis, after a prolonged and most unpleasant hour with the family lawyer, who had found that the late Henry Davis had left nothing but a heavily mortgaged home and some worthless wildcat investments, defied the family council of uncles, aunts and cousins who offered herself and mother the pick of various homes.

She would make her own way, she announced with spirit. And the very next day all Lake City society was shocked to hear that Marjorie Davis was behind the ribbon counter at "The Fair."

Just the same, after recovering from the shock, Marjorie's little world flocked to her counter, just as shrewd old James Douglas had figured they would, and besought the one time popular debutante to twist and turn ribbon into bows of all sorts and conditions.

And while Marjorie's relatives stormed and Mrs. Douglas wept the old man chuckled.

"Fine woman that Davis girl. No nonsense about her! And as for that boy of mine, no man ever learned business methods herding over a ledger. I made my money pleasing the public, and you don't study the public in a stuffy rear office. I can get ten dollar a week clerks to keep my books. I want my boy to be a merchant prince."

A fourth party, altogether invisible, also took a hand in the game of commerce, and his name was Cupid. He saw his chance and began to choose arrows.

All of those, however, missed the mark. Young Douglas watched from the tail of his eye Marjorie's deft, slender white fingers flashing in and out of the shimmering ribbon, but her glance seemed glued to her work. A formal "Good morning" or a request for a credit check or his signature on a deposit marked the limit of their conversations.

For as the other salesgirls openly angled for the young man's favor Marjorie held herself more and more aloof. She was not ashamed of her occupation, but she proposed to maintain her position as a gentlewoman.

And Carter Douglas misunderstood. He knew her history, and he thought, not without some bitterness, that she wanted to make him feel that even in her poverty he remained outside her social pale. The Douglas family were distinctly "new." The Davis family were of the city's innermost social circle, hedged in not by wealth, but by pioneer blood, family estates and war records.

Such was the situation when Easter loomed up on the horizon. Marjorie, bending over wonderful bows for spring millinery, realized with a faint sense of amusement that this year her Easter hat was a real problem. Of course she had only to drop a hint before Aunt Sylvia that she needed one and a hat would be forthcoming, but so far her salary and the tiny income of her mother had sufficed to keep them independent and quite content.

This had meant the dyeing of all her old time finery, and that was just why the Easter hat was a problem. A veritable riot of dyeing to meet the demands of mourning had exhausted even a well stocked wardrobe, trunks, hat boxes and all. She would simply have to buy a complete spring hat.

This meant $10 at least, and Marjorie realized that with her present knowledge of values, to say nothing of the store discount, she could duplicate for $10 any hat for which she had paid $20 or $25 in the old days. So she viewed with great satisfaction a roll of crisp dollar bills, ten in all, which she had saved for just such an emergency.

So matters stood when her mother was seized with the grip. The doctors ordered calf's foot jelly, white grapes and eggs and sherry.

Four days before Easter and the ten dollars had dwindled to five. She compromised on a smart sailor with three toned ribbon bows to match. She would buy it on the morrow. And the next day word came to the store that one of the cash girls must be operated on at once or lose her hearing. Marjorie's name headed the subscription list.

This afternoon in a frenzy or despair she bought the three toned ribbons, and the next morning the charwoman of their little cottage sent word that her baby had died and there was not a cent in the house! Marjorie had just closed her purse when the postman handed her a square envelope addressed in chirography which she recognized at a glance.

An opera star was to sing at the procathedral on Easter morning, Carter wrote. Admission was by card only, and he was fortunate enough to have secured two. Would she accompany him to the Easter service?

Marjorie's one vulnerable point was music. There was no time to answer the letter by mail, but that morning while young Douglas was signing a credit check for her and the other clerks were busy farther down the aisle she said to him:

"It was so kind of you to think of me. I do love music, and I have never heard Mme. ——."

"I'll call for you at 10," he said, with a most businesslike flourish of his pencil, as a cash girl came running up. And Cupid laughed for the first time in many days.

That night the deluge. In her delight at the prospect of hearing wonderful music Marjorie had forgotten the distinctly feminine problem of an Easter hat. Laying forth the wonderful new blue green bows, she ransacked every trunk in the house for a straw shape that was even possible. But dye and rain had done their worst. No shape was forthcoming. In twelve hours Carter Douglas would call—and she would be hatless!

"I'm worse than a three dollar a week cash girl. Of course I can go in my winter hat. It may turn cold and stormy."

Easter morning proved balmy and sunlit beyond her greatest fears. She looked at the velvet hat, its black feathers the worse for various dyeings, and her feminine pride was touched. She spent the last 15 cents of her ten dollar millinery fund to send a small messenger with word to the Douglas mansion on the hill that she was too ill to attend the services at the procathedral.

It did seem as if never in all her life had she wanted to go out as she did that day. The little cash girl in the hospital would be glad to see her; the charwoman's heart was heavy and her children would no doubt enjoy some candy Easter eggs. But again pride forbade. She would live out her miserable lie.

At 3 in the afternoon, glancing out the front window, she gave a gasp of dismay and ran from the living room, leaving her mother to admire the tall, correctly garbed Carter Douglas. A few minutes later the puzzled little mother came upstairs.

"He says he's so sorry to hear you are ill, and, oh, Marjorie, such Easter lilies as he has brought! Just like when your poor dear father lived. But you didn't tell me you were ill. Oh, my dear, you are so self sacrificing!"

Marjorie fluffed her hair and patted her nervous mother's cheek in a whirlwind of unpleasant emotions. Then suddenly she flung up her head and ran hastily down the stairs, pausing in the doorway before the astonished young man, a vision of slim, graceful, healthy young womanhood.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Douglas," she said, with a lovely flush. "I was not ill—just foolishly proud about a trifle. I failed to make connections with an Easter hat and so"—

Carter Douglas had wisdom beyond his years. He did not laugh. He just dropped the Easter lilies on the old mahogany table which had been in the Davis family for seven generations and took both her hands.

"I don't care about the music. I don't care about anything except that at last I am here with you. You are the most wonderful girl. The old man thinks so, too. It would just tickle him to death if we hit it off. Do you think you could care about me?"

Marjorie withdrew her hands from his firm clasp and for a second or two gazed at him in startled wonder. Then something in his face, in his honest gray eyes, sent the color flying to her face again.

"Oh, you funny, funny boy!" she said, but her tones were not full of laughter. The ring with tender joyousness. And she hid her face in the lilies, great masses of faint scented beauty, the price of which she realized with feminine humor devoid of romance would have paid for two hats!

Poor Economy.

"Considering the risks and the penalties," said a customs official, "smuggling is poor economy. It reminds me of a Philadelphia woman. Worn out with the winter's gayeties, this Philadelphia woman went to Atlantic City to pass Lent restfully. She departed in a very weak, rundown condition, and her husband was dreadfully shocked—yet not incredulous either—when he received one day this wire:

"'Come down to Atlantic City at once. I am dying. Helen.'

"The wretched man slammed down the lid of his desk, grabbed his hat and reached Atlantic City by the first express. In a ravishing toilet his wife was at the station to meet him with the hotel motor bus.

"'But—but,' he stammered, 'what did you mean by that telegram about dying?'

"'Oh,' she explained, laughing, 'I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out, and I had to stop.'"

A "Find" Indeed!

Many are the stories of precious English first editions found among rubbish heaps, and if you will face the fatigue of back and forearm and will turn the ear marked contents of the portfolios of prints and drawings your luck may be as brilliant on occasion as it is generally dull. It is not so long since an Englishman lighted upon an original Rembrandt drawing on a stall under the very windows of the Louvre. With a rather guilty feeling that it might be and should be hanging with its fellows in a gilded gallery on the other side of those windows, he somewhat hurriedly thrust it into his overcoat pocket, and a certain crease shows on it to this day as witness to the sense of shame which befalls the man who purchases for a franc what is worth a thousand.—London Sketch.

PEN AND INK PIRATES.

Literary Theft Is Not Stealing; It Is Called Genius.

All authors steal. The capacity for stealing with art and elegance is one of the most potent equipments of the literary man.

Shakespeare was a magnificent thief. He stole whatever he could lay his hands on in a literary way and never marred in the stealing. He stole "Measure For Measure" from a play called "Promos and Cassandra." He stole "Hamlet" from a play by George Kyd. "Romeo and Juliet" he stole from Italy.

Sir Walter Scott stole with a sublime talent. He stole from antiquarian records. He stole from Goethe. He stole from Sheridan.

Charles Reade claimed the right of the literary artist to set jewels, even though the gems are the property of another.

Alexandre Dumas, the author of "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo," was one of the most remarkable pilferers in literature. In one single year his name was attached to no fewer than forty different books. Not only did he steal unblushingly from every author who came handy, but he employed numerous literary ghosts and passed off their work as his own.

Brought to book, he had a ready reply. "The man of genius does not steal," he said; "he only conquers."

Alexander Pope, who made thousands of pounds by his poetic translation of Homer's "Iliad," was an indifferent Greek scholar. In addition to stealing from previous translators, he employed others to help and then claimed the whole work as his own.

When he translated "The Odyssey" he kept the public in ignorance that only twelve books could be called his and that the rest were the work of men whom he paid badly.

The arguments in Pope's "Essay on Man" were furnished by Lord Bolingbroke, and his "Essay on Criticism" was a poetic version of the conversation of his intimates.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wit, dramatist and politician, stole his famous characters Charles Surface and Joseph Surface in "The School For Scandal" from Tom Jones and Blifil in Fielding's well known novel, and he abducted Mrs. Piozzi, Piozzi and Sir Hubert Mostyn and transformed them into [illegible] characters.

Of modern authors all steal and are stealing still. The [illegible] writer does not say it "good enough" nor can afford to be free.—Exchange.

Word Painting.

Mrs. Bradley, when questioned by a fellow traveler in the Pullman car in regard to her home, launched forth into a rather long and detailed description of its charms. Her little girl, Grace, who had been reading when she began to speak, soon closed her book and listened with great interest.

"It must be very pleasant," remarked the chance acquaintance somewhat perfunctorily, when Mrs. Bradley finished, and Grace, her eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, it must be perfectly lovely! What place is it, mamma?"

"Why, our own home, of course," answered the mother, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, dear," said Grace, sighing, "how much better it sounds than it looks!"—Youth's Companion.

Need and Needs.

Perhaps many persons have wondered why we are taught to say "He need not do that" instead of "He needs not do that," as the singular pronoun, he, requires under ordinary conditions the singular form of the verb. The reason is that in a sentence of that kind, a negative sentence, expressing requirement or obligation, "need" becomes an auxiliary and takes no change of termination in the third person singular. This exception is laid down in the grammars.—Chicago News.

The Iron Crown.

The iron crown of Lombardy, so called from the narrow iron band within it supposed to have been beaten out of one of the nails used at the crucifixion, was probably first worn by Agilulph at his coronation in 591. The historic crown after gracing the brows of such sovereigns as Charlemagne, Henry of Luxemburg, Frederick IV., Charles V. and the great Napoleon was in 1866 given up to Victor Emmanuel and is now preserved with great care at Monza, near Milan.

Extravagance.

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said the father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?"

"Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival, "but it'll cost a great deal to keep her, won't it?"

"I presume so."

"Yes," said Tommy, with a long drawn breath, "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."

This Is a Fact.

"When a man loves a girl in a novel he raves about her through forty chapters. In real life he never mentions her name."

"What's the application?"

"Merely that realism in a love story is not possible."—St. Louis Republic.

Still Faithful.

Mlle. Suzanne—Is that young man still under the window? Maid—Well, mademoiselle, he's running around in the snow to keep himself warm, but he goes in the shape of a heart all the time.—Bon Vivant.

Going to law is losing a cow for the sake of a cat.—Chinese Proverb.

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Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder
A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c
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TIMING THE OVATION

A Custom Born in the Political Conventions of 1892.

THE OUTBURST FOR BLAINE.

It Lasted For Nearly Twenty-five Minutes and Almost Swept the Convention Off Its Feet—The Cleveland Demonstration Was a Trifle Longer.

Timing the ovations at political conventions for favorite candidates was born in the national convention of 1892. Notwithstanding the fact that it was pretty generally understood who would head the tickets in that year, there were interesting and even exciting incidents in both conventions.

At Minneapolis the Blaine men fought nobly, but to no purpose. The galleries were with him, but a majority of the delegates, contemptuously referred to by Senator Edward Wolcott of Colorado as the "bread and butter brigade," were for Harrison, and they could not be swayed by oratory, emotion or cash.

For a brief half hour, however, the Harrison men were plainly troubled. Chauncey M. Depew was on the platform seconding the nomination of Harrison. He had spoken about ten minutes when he mentioned the name of Blaine. The effect was similar to that produced by touching a lighted match to a powder magazine. The convention "blew up." Then and there began what was destined in the future to become a regular convention feature—the timed ovation. The Blaine men, aided lustily by the galleries, took up the rhythmic cry of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!" The chairman of the convention was absolutely powerless to check the wildly enthusiastic crowd. Mr. Depew's face was a study. He stood disconcerted and helpless, smiling nevertheless. The first outbreak was of perhaps ten minutes' duration. At the end of that time the crowd was nearly exhausted. The chairman rapped vigorously for order, and the convention was about to give its attention to Mr. Depew when some leather lunged delegate again started the "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine!" slogan. At the same moment Mrs. Carson Lake, the wife of a well known newspaper man, who was seated on the platform, jumped to her feet and began to lead the cheering, keeping the crowd in perfect unison by using a white parasol as a baton.

No similar scene has ever been witnessed in a national convention. The first Blaine outburst was more than inspiring. This one was simply overwhelming. Even many of the Harrison men were caught in the wave of enthusiasm, and the next fifteen minutes were anxious ones for his political managers. Mrs. Lake did her part well. Assuredly here was the greatest parasol flirtation ever carried on in the United States. She dominated the 12,000 men who stood before her for a quarter of an hour. In the opinion of many persons she came very close to upsetting the convention programme. Had a less adroit speaker than Mr. Depew been before the assemblage she might have done so.

However, the Blaine cheering lasted between twenty-two and twenty-five minutes. Then the convention nominated Harrison and Reid.

Ten days later the Democrats assembled in Chicago. The late William C. Whitney was in charge of the Cleveland forces. Notwithstanding the well understood fact that he had the situation under perfect control several adherents of David B. Hill, notably Edward Murphy, Jr., of Troy, insisted upon having Mr. Hill's name presented to the convention.

The day of the nomination was unpleasant enough outside of the convention hall, inside it was almost unbearable. Hardly had the delegates seated themselves when a heavy thunder and lightning storm broke out. Parts of the roof were leaky, and some of the delegates raised umbrellas. While the storm was raging one of the arc lights became loosed from its position and came swinging down over the heads of the New York delegation, barely missing Roswell P. Flower. Some time was required to restore order, but the storm abated, and the convention proceeded to business in the most humid spot on the North American continent. The morning session was unimportant. When the convention reassembled in the afternoon it was generally understood that it would not adjourn until a nomination had been made.

Mr. Cleveland's name was presented and was seconded nearly all the way down the alphabetical list of states until New York was reached. During the early part of the session there were a great deal of cheering and enthusiasm, but finally the crowd tired of oratory. As the hour approached midnight the galleries became a hooting mob, and many of the delegates were thoroughly disgusted.

Mr. Hill's name had been placed before the convention, and every person in the hall knew his nomination was to be seconded by W. Bourke Cockran of New York. Mr. Cockran's fame as an orator had preceded him. The crowd wanted to hear him and nobody else. So did most of the delegates. Many of the ablest speakers in the Democratic party were hooted down without an opportunity to speak two sentences.

Finally, at 1:15 o'clock in the morning of the next day, Mr. Cockran faced his audience. The convention had been in session at least ten hours. The humidity was even greater than it had been in the earlier hours of the session. Every person in the hall was tired, and most of them were hungry. A more unsuspicious moment for Mr. Cockran's effort could not have been selected. He began slowly, but his voice could be heard in every part of the hall. The crowd at once became interested. There were several outbursts of applause.

The Cleveland men were waiting. At the first mention of his name by the speaker they evidently intended to make Mr. Cockran feel as uncomfortable as Mr. Depew did when interrupted in his speech at Minneapolis. Finally the moment came. "Grover Cleveland," said Mr. Cockran, but that was all he did say. Led by Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, the delegates started the cheering. "Grover, Grover. Four years more of Grover!" went up the crowd. Delegates marched up and down the aisles waving the standards of their states, and twenty-six minutes elapsed before the tumult ceased.

Meantime Mr. Cockran stood on the platform, the least perturbed person in the hall apparently. He took a drink of water, chatted with the chairman and other men on the platform and watched the proceedings with a sort of amused smile. When the congestion became exhausted he resumed:

"Grover—Cleveland is a popular man"—

Again the cheering was taken up, and this time it continued for eight minutes. It was maintained but long by plainly forced efforts of the Cleveland leaders. Utterly fagged out, delegates and spectators sat down, and Mr. Cockran went on.

"I repeat, gentlemen, Grover Cleveland is a very popular man every day in the year except one, and that is election day."

Again the speaker was interrupted. This time laughter was mingled with the cheers, but Mr. Cleveland was nominated about 4 o'clock in the morning.—New York Post.

START OF AN ARTIST.

John Opie's First Portrait and What It Cost Him.

John Opie, the English painter, is described in "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends," by Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, as a man of humble origin who achieved success wholly by his own genius and perseverance. The story of his first effort in that line of art which afterward brought him fame he related to Coke, first Earl of Leicester of Holkham, as follows:

When a small boy of ten or twelve he was left at home one Sunday afternoon with his father, while his mother went to church. The father established himself in the parlor with his Bible and told the boy to be quiet and amuse himself.

Young Opie, who had procured some paints, took up his position unobserved in the kitchen directly opposite the parlor door. Very quietly he drew a portrait of the old man bending over his Bible until he had finished everything except the head, when he began painting backward and forward to study his father's face.

The old gentleman grew very angry at these apparently senseless interruptions and threatened to punish his son if they continued.

This was exactly what the boy wanted, as he wished to paint his father's eyes lit up and sparkling with anger. So he continued his irritating behavior until it met with the desired result, and his father, justly wrathful, administered a sound thrashing.

This achieved, the boy resumed his task eagerly and transferred to his picture the expression which he had just seen upon the face of his indignant parent.

When his mother returned from church he placed the picture triumphantly before her; but, although astonished and delighted with it, she thought it her duty to scold her son severely for painting on a Sunday.

Young Opie, however, cared no more for the scolding than for the beating he had received in accomplishing his work and only hugged his mother delightedly in his excitement at its success.

His father, coming into the room at that juncture and spying the portrait of himself, was so surprised and pleased at it that he told the mother not to scold the boy any more.

Subsequently, whenever the picture was shown, he used to tell with great relish the story of young Opie's plucky acceptance of a beating in order to insure its success.

Angry Adjectives.

It was not a young woman novelist, but Charles Sumner, of whom the late E. L. Godkin, the New York editor, said:

He works his adjectives so hard that if they ever catch him alone they will murder him.

A big cut or a little cut, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

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"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT FOR THE YEAR 1907.

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1906 Duplicate.

Dr.

To balance outstanding as per last audit	$ 137 66	$ 137 66
Cr.		
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	178 40	
By 5% commission on last above (137 66)	9 26	187 66

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1906 Duplicate.

Borough Fund.

Dr.

To balance outstanding as per last audit	508 62	508 62
Cr.		
By exoneration allowed by council	89 44	
By 5% added on last above (89 44)	4 47	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	321 22	
By commission for collecting (127 60)	6 38	
Balance of 1906 duplicate outstanding	372 71	508 62

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1907 Duplicate.

Borough Fund.

Dr.

To amount of duplicate	4260 19	
" 5% added on 1906 15 taxes unpaid Jan. 1, 1908	40 46	4300 59
Cr.		
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	3699 23	
By 2% discount allowed taxpayers on (3843 13)	182 10	
By 2% commission for collecting above (3880 06)	57 80	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler taxes at par	336 41	
By 5% commission on last above (336 41)	20 44	
Balance of—1907 duplicate outstanding	849 61	4300 59

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1900 Duplicate.

Borough Bond Fund.

Dr.

To balance outstanding as per last audit	103 06	103 06
Cr.		
By exoneration allowed by council	20 78	
By 5% added on last above (20 78)	1 49	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	62 11	
By 5% commission for collecting (44 82)	2 23	
Balance of 1900 duplicate outstanding	117 47	103 06

R. C. Gleason, Collector, 1907 Duplicate.

Borough Bond Fund.

Dr.

To amount of duplicate	1193 44	
" 5% added on 224 80 taxes unpaid Jan. 1, 1908	11 24	1195 08
Cr.		
By paid Treasurer Lemmler	736 80	
By 2% commission for collecting above (502 94)	10 05	
By paid Treasurer Lemmler taxes at par	195 07	
By 5% commission for collecting above (115 75)	5 08	
Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	298 13	1195 08

Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Fund.

Dr.

To balance on hand as per last audit	17 52	
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	96 55	
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	121 22	
To cash for Col. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	2269 01	
To cash for Burgess Strong dog tax	65 00	
To cash for Burgess Strong licenses and fines	100 00	
To County Treasurer Keyser, licenses	600 00	
To cash for State Treasurer, Foreign insurance	102 90	
To cash for American T. and T. Co.	16 80	
To cash for W. L. Eyer, repairing sidewalks	54 03	4450 48

Cr.

By paid police duty	108 00	
" " street commissioner and extra labor	1288 99	
By paid material for streets	9 70	
" " " lumber	139 98	
" " " printing	118 75	
" " " freight and drayage	27 10	
" " " feeding prisoners	10 66	
" " " auditors, secretary and stationery	148 00	
By paid burgess, attorney, sheriff and justice	366 66	
By paid hardware and repairs	74 18	
By paid lease for dumping grounds	30 00	
By paid special elections and engineering	473 80	
By paid 2% commission on above disbursement (8125 34)	52 51	
By paid balance on hand	1366 66	4450 48

Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with Borough Bond Fund.

Dr.

To balance on hand as per last audit	104 76	
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1905 duplicate	81 75	
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	62 11	
To cash from Col. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	894 00	1123 68
Cr.		
By paid borough bonds nos. 45 and 56	750 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	195 60	
By paid state tax on bonds for 1907	18 00	
By paid 2% commission on 945 60	18 91	
By paid balance on hand	142 57	1123 68

LIABILITIES.

Bonds outstanding, nos. 47 to 49 and 57 to 64, inclusive	8400 00
	8400 00

RESOURCES.

Balance 1900 duplicate	489 38
" 1907 "	1065 74
" in Treasurer Lemmler's hands	1891 20
Balance sewer assessment, old matters	222 17
Liabilities in excess of Resources	211 81
	8400 00

And now, March 16th, 1908, having examined the accounts of H. C. Gleason, Collector, and Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balances as above stated.

J. A. SWANSON,
C. B. COLWELL,
ROY STARK,
Auditors.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 37, December Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Litchfield did, on the 7th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Noah S. Litchfield.

We therefore command you, the said Noah S. Litchfield, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next, to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Litchfield and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Litchfield, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Sheridan Gorton, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 8, Dec. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Adams did, on the 7th day of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John Adams.

We therefore command you, the said John Adams, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of June next to answer the petition or libel of Ella Adams and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Adams, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Fred. J. Knipple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 70, Dec. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Tillie Hodge did, on the 30th of October, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Hodge.

We therefore command you, the said James Hodge, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Tillie Hodge and show cause, if any you have, why the said Tillie Hodge, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 22, December Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Butler did, on the 7th day of October 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Orson Butler.

We therefore command you, the said Orson Butler, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1908, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Butler and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Butler, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 7, 1908.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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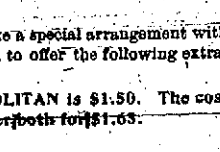
Executor's Notice.

Estate of Ann Reilly, deceased, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

J. H. REILLY, Executor.

Smethport, Pa., March 25, 1908.



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